Cambria Freeman.

McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

LUME IX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1875. NUMBER 45.

eriff's Sales.

...the 6th day of December next,

...Michael Du...

...Philip Fritz...

...Robert ...

...Samuel ...

...Michael ...

...Nicholas ...

...Joseph ...

...Harry ...

...Thomas ...

...Wm. D. Fryer...

...Henry ...

...Jacob ...

...James ...

...Peter ...

...John ...

...Joseph ...

...Daniel ...

...Valentine Krise, Joseph ...

...Michael ...

...Jacob Stoltz, and ...

Bennet Sawyer, containing 109 acres, more or less, about 15 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house and log stable, now in the occupancy of John H. Noel. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of James Douglass.

Also, all the right, title and interest of David K. Wilhelm, of, in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in the village of Lilly's, Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on a street and adjoining lot of William McCloskey and others, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story plank house and plank stable, now in the occupancy of Alice Hagan. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Philip Fritz.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John W. Griffith, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of John W. Jones, John E. Jones, Henry Jones, and others, containing 157 acres and 149 perches, about 70 acres cleared, having thereon erected a two story frame house and frame barn, now in the occupancy of John W. Griffith. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wm. J. Edwards, Ex'r of Richard Edwards, dec'd.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Dominick Eger, of, in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in Carrolltown borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Main street and extending back to a private alley, having Scanlon's alley on the north and H. O Stoltz on the south, having thereon erected a two story frame house, frame stable, and other outbuildings, now in the occupancy of Dominick Eger.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Dominick Eger, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Carrolltown borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on St. Mary's alley and extending back to St. Joseph's alley, adjoining an alley on the north and land of heirs of Lutzian Binder on the south, having thereon erected a two story plank house and plank stable, now in the occupancy of James Walters. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of A. Baum.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Joseph Reiner, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Barr township, Cambria county, Pa., containing 35 acres, more or less, about 10 acres cleared, adjoining land of John Anderson, Wm. McDonald, and others, having thereon erected a dwelling house, part log and part plank, and log stable, now in the occupancy of Joseph Reiner. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Peter Garman.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two thirds on confirmation of the deed.

HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 13, 1875.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon., Alias Vend. Expon.*, and *Fi. Fa.*, issued out of the District Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Opera House in Johnstown, on

Saturday, the 4th day of December

next, at 1 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Bartley Hoy, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the borough of East Conemaugh, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on the Penn'a Rail Road and adjoining lot of John Hoy, and extending back to the Conemaugh river, having thereon erected a two story dwelling house and a frame stable, now in the occupancy of Bartley Hoy. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Akers & Baumer, now for use of D. McLaughlin.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Adam Pfarr, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Cambria borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Chestnut Street and adjoining lot of Conrad Meyer on the one side and lot of John Stenger on the other side, and extending back to an alley, having thereon erected a two story house and plank stable, now in the occupancy of the Widow Pfarr and Adam Pfarr. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of the German Workman Society.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Chas. Ahrns, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Conemaugh borough, Cambria county, Penn'a, fronting on Portage street and adjoining lot of John Vendt on the one side and lot of Martin Fox on the other side, and extending back to a lot of the Cambria Iron Company, having thereon erected a two story frame house, now in the occupancy of Charles Ahrns. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of J. Zimmerman, now for use of Eiward Zimmerman.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Henry W. Belling, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the Fourth Ward, Johnstown, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Main street, having Adams street on one side and lot of John Ludwig on the other side, and extending back to an alley, having thereon erected a two story frame house, now in the occupancy of Henry W. Belling. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of the Kickenapawling Tribe, I. O. of R. M.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Wm. P. Patton, of, in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in the Fourth Ward, Johnstown borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Bedford street and having a stone wall on the one side and an alley on the other side, and extending back to lot of Hon. John F. Barnes, having thereon erected a two story plank furniture shop and a one story furniture warerooom, now in possession and occupancy of Wm. P. Patton. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Burkey and Gay Furniture Company.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds on confirmation of the deed.

HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Johnstown, Nov. 13, 1875.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Opera House in Johnstown, on **Saturday, the 4th day of December next**, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Henry Mentzell, of, in and to a lot or piece of ground situate in Yoder township, Cambria county, Pa., containing about 3 acres, more or less, and bounded as follows, to wit: Fronting on the Conemaugh river and adjoining lands of ——— Bishop and Emanuel James, having thereon erected a two story dwelling house and a plank stable, now in the occupancy of Geo. Walters. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Seiferth & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John Now, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Cambria borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on Chestnut street, having Second street on the one side and lot of Adam Bopp on the other side, and extending back to an alley, having thereon erected a two story dwelling house, a plank stable, and a two story building, now in the occupancy of John B. Myers. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of the Germania Building and Loan Association, No. 1, of Johnstown.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds on confirmation of the deed.

HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 13, 1875.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is hereby given that the following named appraisements of real estate and personal property of decedents, selected and set apart for the widows of intestates, under the Act of Assembly of the 14th day of April, A. D. 1851, have been filed in the Register's office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on WEDNESDAY, the 8th day of DECEMBER, A. D. 1875, to wit:

1. Inventory and appraisements of certain real estate appraised and set apart for Mary Schooler, widow of Joseph Schooler, late of Conemaugh borough, dec'd—$400.00.

2. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Margaret Henry, widow of Samuel Henry, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd—$299.50.

3. Inventory and appraisement of certain real estate appraised and set apart for Rebecca Ann Burk, widow of M. H. Burk, late of Adams township, dec'd,—$225.00

4. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Sarah C. Goughnour, widow of Israel Goughnour, late of Jackson township, dec'd.—$200.00.

JAMES M. SINGER, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 6, 1875.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of ANASTASIA MORELAND, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Anastasia Moreland, dec'd, late of Wilmore Borough, having been granted the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES MORELAND, Executor.
Wilmore, Nov. 12, 1875.-6t.*

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

ANNIVERSARY ODE.

Composed for the Democratic Celebration of the Eighth of January, at Philadelphia, 1838.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "MOUNTAINEER."

AIR—*Star Spangled Banner.*

Again!—once again!—in the bright festive hall
Have we met in the spirit of grateful devotion,
The deeds of the Hero with pride to recall,
And fondly indulge every pleasing emotion.
Then let us proclaim the Patriot's name,
Whose lustre is bright as the iris of fame;
While freedom and valor to man shall be dear,
Thy name, gallant JACKSON, will FREEMEN revere!

O'er Time's musty records the student may pore,
Or wake from their slumbers the echoes of agos,
To boast of the mighty who flourished of yore,
Selecting the worthiest heroes and sages.
The worthiest few, we give them their due,
Then turning, brave JACKSON, in triumph to you,
In vain we solicit a worthier name,
More dear to the FREE, on the annals of fame!

The heroes, the chiefs, the commanders of old,
Whose names and whose deeds are emblazoned in story,
Were doubtless intrepid, and fearless, and bold,
And Time's fleecy mist has but mellowed their glory;
But valor and might, 'midst carnage and fight,
Are sanctified only by JUSTICE and RIGHT.
'Tis these which give value to human applause;
To honor the MAN is to honor the CAUSE!

But "peace has its perils," as Time hath disclosed
By countless events which his pen has recorded,
In peace, as in war, was brave JACKSON opposed
By the mean and the selfish, the base and the sordid;
For "BOOTY" was still their wish and their will,
But the gallant old patriot *vetoed the bill*;
And JACKSON, the STATESMAN, thus shiver'd the chain
Which JACKSON, the HERO, had sever'd in twain!

The spirit of Mammon, ungrateful and mean—
For mean and ungrateful must Honesty term it—
THIS spirit still prowls round the hallowed scene,
The *last* earthly scene of the patriot "HERMIT."
Its pitiful spite would fondly delight
To wither the laurels he bore from the fight,
Because, as a statesman, he never would yield
The RIGHTS he so bravely maintained on the field!

Then fill to the brave, to the honest, the good—
In peace and in war still he clung to his duty;
How firmly, how nobly his courage withstood
Domestic and foreign disciples of "booty!"
When FREEMEN shall wave their flag o'er his grave,
The bright eyes of "BEAUTY" will weep for the brave;
And may his pure mantle and virtue descend
To shield his successor, supporter and friend.

Again!—and again!—let us honor the men
Who *achieved* and *defended* our dear INDEPENDENCE,
First boldly proclaimed in the city of PENN:
This honor is due from their grateful descendants.
Then here let us now most solemnly vow
That FREEMEN will never submissively bow
To the fraud and injustice of *corporate* ranks,
To the edicts of Kings or the edicts of Banks!

THE FINANCIER.

He didn't look like a man who had been turning financial problems over and over in his mind for fifty years; but yet, you can't always correctly judge a man by his looks.

He walked up and down the depot platform for a time, and then suddenly rushing at an old man who was leaning against the wall and half asleep he exclaimed:

"What about inflation?"

"Why! ha, ha! I thought you were going to strike me!" replied the old man as he straightened up.

"Shall we inflate the currency?" demanded the financier in earnest tones.

"You may for all I care!" bluntly replied the old man; "all I want is to get my baggage aboard the Montreal train all right."

"Or, shall we contract the currency?" asked the financier, backing up to the stove.

"I don't care a damn what you do with it, so that I strike that train!" growled the old man, his eyes half shut.

"This question of finance is one of the greatest in the world," continued the financier, "and I demand that you exhibit an interest in it."

"I'll be switched if I will?" growled the old man, his eyes half shut.

"This bit of green paper," continued the financier, taking a dollar bill from his vest pocket, "is supposed to represent one hundred cents. Answer me if it does?"

"Oh! lemme alone!" growled the old man, his head nodding and his eyes shut.

"If I owe you one dollar I can pay you off with this bit of paper; but would I be paying you eighty, ninety, or one hundred cents?"

"You—don't—owe—me—anything!" sighed the old man, now almost dreaming.

"Gold is money, and greenbacks are money," continued the stranger; "but if you have gold you would not exchange it for my greenbacks. And yet why not?"

The old man was now asleep, and didn't hear.

"And yet why not?" asked the financier once again.

The old man's eyes never opened.

"And yet why not?"

The old man snored a half snore.

"And yet why not?" exclaimed the financier, giving the sleeping man a gentle kick on the shin.

"Whoa! dumit to thunder! who did that?" yelled the old man as he leaped up.

"And yet why not?" coolly inquired the financier.

"Why not what?"

"If we inflate the currency, that is increase it—if we add millions of paper dollars to the millions already afloat—what must be the effect?"

"I'll effect you if you kick me again!" roared the old man, now thoroughly aroused.

"On the other hand," coolly continued the financier, "if we contract the currency, diminish the amount afloat, what result will follow?"

"What do I care? What are you talking finance to me for? I believe you are a pick-pocket, and I'll knock your head off if you don't clear out!"

"Something must be done, but what shall we do?" continued the financier in earnest tones. "The Government says that this bit of paper is a dollar; yet it is only 88, 90, or 92 cents when brought in contact with a gold dollar. It is because of———?"

"Lemme alone, I say!" shouted the old man. "What in Texas do I care about your financial talk?"

"The Government says that this dollar bill is one dollar," said the financier, "and yet it refuses to give me a dollar in gold for it. Why?"

"That's why!" ejaculated the old man, as he struck a straight blow from the shoulder.

"We must either contract or expand," replied the financier, as he took the old man by the throat and backed him against the wall; "we must know that our money is worthless or worth one hundred cents on the dollar!"

"Let go of me! There—ha!—ugh!"

And the old man kicked like a mule.

"And until that period arrives," replied the financier, crowding the old man into a corner and jamming him hard, "no capitalist will feel like withdrawing his money from the banks and risking it in even legitimate speculation."

"Help! Police!" called the old man.

"Let Congress settle this question," the financier was saying, when an officer collared him and walked him away. As he passed out of the depot he went on:

"Whether we are to have hard money or inflation, and confidence will be at once restored and—"

But he had turned the corner.

"Hang my buttons!" said the old man, as he wiped his face; "what do I know about conflation or distraction, and what'll the old woman say when she sees me all pounded up this way?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

He Couldn't Find the Light.

One night, during the recent troubles in the Pennsylvania coal regions, Judge Potts' brother, Thomas Potts, was round at a meeting of mine owners, and after the adjournment he stepped into a tavern. While there he met with some friends, and in the course of an hour or two he became very intoxicated. On his way home he lost his hat, and a miner who knew him, feeling compassion for him, clapped on his head a miner's hat, and in order to make the dark street brighter he lighted the little lamp in front of the hat. When Potts reached the house his wife had gone to bed and the lights were out, but Potts felt certain the lamp was burning in the hall, but he couldn't for the life of him tell where it was. He looked at the regular lamp, and that seemed to be out; then hunted in every direction for the light, but he was unable to find it, although it seemed to shine brightly wherever he went. Presently he happened to stand in front of the mirror in the hat rack, and then he saw precisely where the lamp was. After a brief objurgation upon Mrs. Potts for leaving a light in such a prepostorous place, he went up to the mirror and tried to blow it out. He blew, and blew, but somehow the flame burned as steadily as ever.

"That," said Potts, "is the moz extror'nary lamp's ever been my mizfortune t' encounter."

Then he took off his coat, and holding it in front of him, he crept cautiously up to the mirror and tried to crush the coat down over the light to smother it. He made half a dozen ineffectual attempts, and then standing off and regarding the light, which still burned brightly, he said:

"That's cert'nly very extro'nary, moz stonishin' circumstanze ever come un'er my obzervation. Don't know how't account for it."

It occurred to him then that perhaps he might smash the lamp with the umbrella. Seizing the weapon, he went up to the hat rack, and aiming a terrific blow at the light, he brought the umbrella down. He missed and smashed his Sunday hat into chaos. He took aim again and caught the umbrella in the hall lamp overhead, bringing it down with a crash. Then he tried a third time and plunged the ferule of the umbrella through the mirror, smashing it into atoms. He felt exultant for a moment as the light disappeared from his vision, but he was perplexed to find that there was another light somewhere, he couldn't tell exactly where. So he sat down on the stairs and remarked:

"Moz 'stonishin' circumstanz ever come under my obzervation. What in thunder's it mean, anyhow? Light's gone and yet it's shinin'. Perfec'ly incompr'nsible.—Wish't grashus Miss Podd's wake up and explain it. Durn 't I know what I'd better do."

Then Potts took off his hat to scratch his head, in the hope that he might scare up an idea, and the truth flashed upon him. Gazing at the lamp for a moment, until he drank in a full conception of the trouble it had caused him, he suddenly smashed it down on the floor in a rage and extinguished it, after covering two yards of carpet with grease. Then he went to bed, and when in the morning Mrs. Potts informed him that some of those awful miners had broken into the house the night before and left one of their hats with a lamp, Potts turned over in bed so that she couldn't see his face, and said if the stern hand of the law wasn't laid upon those ruffians soon nobody's life would be safe.

A YOUNG MAN who belongs to a club where euchre is the principal intellectual study, took a young lady to church the other Sunday evening, and fell into a gentle doze before the minister reached his "thirdly." He cannot explain exactly how it happened, but just as the reverend gentleman said something about the "last trump" the young man earnestly ejaculated, "I'll go it alone." The young lady says the next time he can "go it alone," for she won't go with him.

Restored After Many Years.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

An evening paper of this city publishes a romantic story of the loss of a little child at the capture and pillage of Corinth, Mississippi, by the Union forces in the late war, and of his restoration to his family after thirteen years had passed and the little boy had grown to be a man. In the flight of the inhabitants from the burning town, most of the people hurried down the railroad track leading from the southern part of the place, and took refuge in the woods and fields along the route. Soon the streets were deserted by all except this little boy, who became separated from his friends, and stricken with terror he ran hither and thither in his bewilderment, and at last hid himself in a freight car which had escaped the general conflagration.—Among the Union soldiers who soon poured into the city was Captain (afterward General) Hickenlooper, of the Fifth Ohio Battery, who discovered the boy and took him back to the camp, where by his youthful intelligence he became a great favorite. The boy stated that his name was Frank Foster, and that his father and brother were in the rebel army, his brother being an aide to General Beauregard; but as all search for them had failed, it was believed that they were dead. The General, out of pity, adopted the boy, and in August, 1862, sent him to Cincinnati, where he was taken charge of by the General's father and mother. He was sent to school and afterwards served an apprenticeship in the Surveyor's office under his patron, the General, becoming at length a good civil engineer. During all these twelve or thirteen years he never ceased, when an opportunity offered, of making diligent inquiry with regard to his parents and family, but in vain; all he remembered was his father's and mother's name; and with only this to guide him it seemed a hopeless task.

He wrote repeatedly to his old home, but the letters were all returned, no one having called for them. He inserted from time to time advertisements in the Memphis and other southern papers, but they brought no response; and, from the day that he was first taken to the Union camp, nearly fourteen years ago, wrapped in an old army blouse that reached to his ankles, until Saturday of last week, did ever he hear one syllable with regard to his father, mother or friends.

One evening, a year or two ago, young Foster, in company with friends, visited a theatre in this city, and while all were affected with merriment by the performance of a particular comedian, Foster was silent and serious, and being afterwards asked the cause, answered "that man looked so much like my mother that it starts me to thinking."

Again, one night last week Foster visited the same theatre, and to his astonishment the same comedian appeared on the stage. This time he made such an impression on Foster's mind that he could not sleep. On Saturday morning of last week two interested friends visited the theatre, and found the comedian alluded to at rehearsal. They questioned him closely; the names of both father and mother corresponded exactly, but he had no brother. His only brother, Frank, was lost he said when a child, on the battle field of Corinth, and all search for him for thirteen years had proved unavailing, and he had been given up as dead. The history of the family was then related in detail, as to how, after the siege and burning of the town, they had returned to the old home in Dunkirk, New York, finally moving to Cleveland, where they had remained ever since the father's death; the now broken-hearted old mother; the struggles of the only surviving son to earn a living for his mother and sisters, and his final debut and success on the stage, the unavailing search for the lost brother; the advertisements in eastern and southern cities; the journeys, many of them on foot to distant places, of the distracted mother, still searching for her lost child.

The brothers, as soon as they were satisfied between themselves that they were brothers, dispatched a message of good news to their mother in Cleveland, and followed the message in person together.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A HEROIC PIONEER MISSOURI GIRL.—The Boonville (Mo.) Advertiser says: The death of Joseph Cooper, of Howard county, one of the oldest and most highly respected residents of this section, recalls a startling incident connected with the Cooper fort, which was located about eight miles from this city on the bank of the Missouri river. The time this occurred was in the year of 1815 or 1816, and at that time the country was full of hostile Indians. Just at daybreak the settlement was alarmed by an attack of Indians, and it was only by the utmost bravery and daring that they were retained in check long enough to allow the families to rush inside the fort for safety. Once within the walls they held the savages in defiance—for a time only. On consultation, it was decided that the whites could not resist out a short time the attack of the Indians; and, in order to secure aid, a courier must be sent to the Kincaid fort, almost immediately opposite this city, and about ten miles from the place in which they were surrounded. There were but few men, and it was too hazardous a trip to think of sending a woman. What to do they knew not. But delay was dangerous; every moment was fraught with peril, and had it not been for the heroism of Miss "Millie" Cooper—a sister of the worthy pioneer mentioned above—in all probability they would all have perished. She stepped calmly forward, and bade them bring her a favorite horse belonging to the family, and with the tears and prayers of her imperiled friends, rode forth on her noble mission. As she dashed out of the inclosure the murderous Indians let fly a shower of arrows, and with blood trickling down her horse's sides she fairly flew from danger. In a short while she arrived at the Kincaid fort and related her story. Reinforcements were sent out immediately, and before the dinner hour the rascally red-skins were routed and the settlers saved. The noble bravery of the young girl won her a name that will not soon be forgotten in this part of the State.

IF there is anything that will bring tears to the eyes of an Indian tobacco sign it is to witness a young lady undergoing the trying ordeal of endeavoring to bring a fallen clothes-line, full of clothes, to a realization of its solemn duty.

JIM WHALEN'S DEATH.

"It makes me feel kinder sad," said the pilot, pointing to the bank as the boat was ploughing the current near Lake Providence, seventy-five miles above Vicksburg. "When they buried him, twenty years ago, the grave was a dozen rods from the water, but the treacherous current has eaten and eaten at the bank till another week will float poor Jim away."

The passengers saw the end of a coffin sticking out of the bank, six or eight inches above water. It is a lonely spot on the river, with no sound to break the desolation except the beat of paddle-wheels as the steamers hurry along.

"It was Jim Whalen," continued the pilot, as the passengers turned to him for an explanation. "He had a wife and babe in Orleans, and was a straight man. He knew every snag and bar in the river, and he could put his boat through any shute in the darkest night you ever saw. Jim didn't brag, and some of the pilots called him a chicken. Chicken! He was the biggest eagle that ever flew up or down this creek, and that ar' coffin proves it!"

He shoved the boat out a little, answered a signal from an ascending steamer, and continued:

"I was a cub then—just learning the business of Jim. You never seed a man who'd do his level best for a boy as kindly as Jim would. No swearing or cussing or cuffing, but as quiet and soft-spoken as a born lady. When they laid him away down there I couldn't have felt worse if the old man himself had been pitched into heaven."

He asked for a chew of tobacco, and having settled it against his left cheek he said:

"Over there by that gloomy canebrake, at midnight, nigh on to twenty years ago, the General Taylor took fire. I was asleep in the texas, Jim at the wheel, and a hundred passengers were asleep. How the fire started no one knew. The whole boat blazed right up in a minute, scorching and roasting people afore they had heard the alarm. Whew! but wasn't it awful! I went overboard with nothing on but my cotton, and my heels blistering, and passengers and crew tumbled after."

The pilot rolled up his sleeve to exhibit the marks of the flame, and then continued:

"Not all of 'em. Thirty or forty ran for'ard, wild like, and afraid to jump. The texas was afire before I jumped, and as I floated in the river I saw the red tongues of flames leaping around the pilot-house. Jim was thar', and thar' he staid. The water was up, the current heavy, and the wind blowing agin us, keeping the fire back. If Jim went overboard it was good-bye to fifty human souls. He saw it, and that's where glory covered him from head to foot. He held her dead level up—she ran till the engines stopped—till half the boat was burned—till the devilish flames burned every hair off his head, and roasted him as the women serve a piece of meat. When the engines stopped the boat drifted down, and at last help came from other steamers. Jim was picked up in the river; swimming like a duck, but died in five minutes."

There was a long pause, and then he added:

"Jim Whalen's back-bone saved all them folks. He died afore they could thank him. There wasn't a passenger or deck-hand who didn't cry like a child; but all they could do was to bury the poor roasted body and press the sods down lightly. Year by year the river has been eating its way to the grave, and while we shall miss it, we'll all feel as if the big river had more right to the coffin of brave Jim Whalen than the shore. It's only his bones lying there—only his dust which will float away; for though the gate of Heaven is narrow, it was opened plenty wide enough for Jim Whalen to go in with all steam on."—*Vicksburg Herald.*

BOUND TO LAP OVER.—"Landlord," said a transient guest at a cross road tavern, as he drew near the end of the dinner, "won't you give me a little more pork to eat with this potato?" A little later he said:

"There was more pork than I wanted; let me trouble you for a little more potato to eat with the pork." And shortly afterward:

"Well, I declare, I've got some more potato left and it seems a pity to leave it—just a small piece more of pork, if you please."

It ran on so for some time. At length the landlord stopped short in front of his guest and remarked:

"Look here, stranger, 'taint no use. I'm willing to do anything in reason to make that pork and potato even, but I've made up my mind the way you eat it can't be did. You're bound to lap over on one or the other every time. Now just make up your mind which you'd ruther leave, and quit. I've got enough pork and potatoes, but, if you keep on, you'll bust."

THE Indianapolis *Herald* feelingly remarks: "The man who designed our State seal is dead. Any man who would try to make people believe a full-grown bull would deliberately rush up to a granger who was chopping wood at sunrise, ought to die."

A STRANGE SPECTACLE.—In September, 1829, the owner of the schooner Michagan, the largest and rottenest craft on Lake Erie, hit upon a plan to get it off his hands, and at the same time not lose a cent. He induced the proprietors of hotels on both sides of the Niagara Falls to buy the schooner and send it over the falls, counting on the crowds that would be drawn there to witness the novel sight for their pay. For several days previous to the great event the stages and canal boats and wagons from the country were crowded. Farmers left their fields and business men their counters. On the appointed day half a dozen excursion steamers were called into service. Each had its throng of expectant people and a band of music. The task of towing the Michigan to the rapids was entrusted to a Captain Rough and five stout-hearted oarsmen. They let loose on board a buffalo from the Rocky Mountains, three bears, from Grand River, two foxes, a raccoon, a dog, a cat, four geese, and put up some effigies. When they cut the tow line this extraordinary crew did what many other crews have done—ran from one end of the deck to the other in despair. The ship started off majestically, and seemed to greet with a smile the shores on either side crowded with eager spectators. She darted through the first rapids as true as any pilot could have led her. Two of the bears here plunged into the yeasty rapids and actually swam to land, and were caught. The other set to work climbing the mast. On she went, making a plunge, shipping a sea, and rising from it in beautiful style. At the bowspit was the American ensign, and at her stern the English Jack. In her descent over the second rapid her mast "went by the board." She swung round and presented her broadside to the dashing and foaming waters, and after remaining stationary for a moment or two was, by its force, swung round, stern foremost, and having passed to the third rapid she bilged but carried her hull, apparently whole, between Grass Island and the British shore to the Horseshoe, over which she was carried stern foremost, and launched into the abyss below and dashed into a thousand pieces. The cat and dog and the foxes were never heard of more; but the geese, bless their little hearts, were found below on the bank quietly oiling their feathers. The effigy of Andrew Jackson was also found uninjured—like the geese—throwing his arms about and knocking his legs together in the eddies.—*Catholic Journal.*

"BUNDLING"—*How They Used to Court.*—An old copy of the "Columbia Magazine," of 1778, published in Philadelphia, contains, among others, an article entitled "A justification of the custom of bundling," taken from a late history of Connecticut. The article was published at the time to prove that the custom did not originate in New York or Pennsylvania. Many people outside of Berks county who have been told that "bundling" is practiced in some sections of Berks, ridicule it, and say that nobody but the "dumb Dutch" would think of such a thing. The writer in the magazine referred to says that bundling was first practiced in Connecticut; that it was purely Puritanical, and in the early days of that State it was considered the most virtuous manner in which young people could pass the time in each other's society. The article opens by praising the great virtue and modesty of the Connecticut ladies in those days. It was considered the greatest rudeness for gentlemen to speak of garters, knees or legs in presence of ladies, yet to ask her to "bundle" was very polite even as far back as 1634. The writer says: "It is certainly innocent, virtuous and prudent, or the Puritans would not have permitted it. Children were raised to fear God and believe that angels guarded over them when absent from their parents." The Indians also had this method of courtship. The writer believed that one hundred and sixty years of bundling was attendant with ten times more chastity than the custom of young people spending their hours together on the sofa in the parlor. The magazine in which the above was printed was in the early days one of the most aristocratic and high-toned publications known. The article shows what the straight-laced, blue-blooded people of Connecticut advocated in those days. However, the custom of virtuous young people lying on beds with a greater part of their clothes on, which is called "bundling," is gradually dying out everywhere; but whether the modern custom has produced any healthier changes the public is left to judge.

THE Bangor *Commercial* gives the following story illustrative of the intelligence of the horse. "Mr. W. H. Pritchard has in his stable a grain chest which locks with a spring. The boy who takes care of the horse always pounds the spring to raise the lid. Wednesday morning Mr. Pritchard heard a loud thumping in the stable and, going out, found the horse imitating the boy by pounding with his fore feet on the top of the grain chest lid, endeavoring to get it open. The knowing animal was returned to his stall and received an extra quantity of oats for his endeavors."

"PETER," said a fond mother to her son, "are you into those sweetmeats again?" "No, ma'm; them sweetmeats is into me."

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - Dec. 3, 1875.

We neglected to notice last week that the Harrisburg *Patriot* had donned a new dress and changed its form from a quarto to an eight page folio. Mr. Meyers, its editor, is a well known Democrat and a gentleman of acknowledge ability, even if he does spell State with a small "s" and many other proper names in like manner. The *Patriot* is the central organ of the Democratic party in this State, being published at the State capital. It is well and ably edited and deserves to be liberally sustained by the Democracy of the State, and we have reason to know that it is meeting with its well meriten reward.

During the trial of W. O. Avery for complicity in the St. Louis whisky frauds, one of the witnesses, Alfred Bevis, testified that Secretary Bristow was a partner in a whisky firm that was in the ring, whereupon General Henderson declared his intention to have Bristow indicted if such was the case. That would look very funny, wouldn't it? Secretary Bristow, it is proper to say, indignantly denies the charge, and demands that the matter go before the Grand Jury for the fullest investigation. It is generally believed that the White House members of the Whisky Ring have made these charges against Bristow to compel him to let up.

On Saturday last Governor Ingersoll, of Connecticut, appointed ex-Governor Jas. E. English to be United States Senator in place of Hon O. S. Ferry, lately deceased. Mr. English is one of the ablest and best known Democrats in the country, and was elected Governor of his State three times, viz: in 1867, 1868, and 1870. He was defeated in 1866 by General Hawley, but defeated Hawley in 1867. In 1868 he was successful against Marshall Jewell, the present Postmaster General, who in turn, in 1869, defeated him (English) for the same office. In 1870 he was again elected over Jewell, and in 1871 Jewell once more defeated him. Take it all in all, the mutual defeats and victories of Messrs. English and Jewell are without a parallel in the political history of the country.

Score another for the third term. The Beaver *Times*, until recently unwilling to entertain the third-term project, last week flopped over in the following grandiloquent style: "We rather guess we are for Grant. First—Because we regard him as the truest and safest man between the country and danger we have. Second—Because he is the only President within a period of nearly fifty years whose name has been associated with a third term. Third—Because it is not likely that within the next fifty years to come we shall have the privilege of voting for a President so highly honored. Fourth, and lastly—Because everything serves to indicate that our opponents dread his nomination far above that of any other that could be made in the Republican ranks, and we feel like taking the candidate who is likely to worry them the most."

We direct the attention of our readers to the prospectus for 1876 of the weekly and daily New York *Sun*, which will be found in another column of our paper. The *Sun* is an independent paper and is conducted with distinguished ability. Mr. Dana, its editor, is a bold and fearless man—the inveterate foe of all manner of corruption and dishonesty in general, State and municipal governments—and that his efforts in that direction are fully appreciated is attested by the fact that the *Weekly Sun* has attained a circulation throughtout the country of over *eighty* thousand copies, while the circulation of the daily edition is about forty thousand more. We know of no city paper in any part of the country more interesting and entertaining than the *Sun*, and no man who invests the trifling sum of $1.20 for the weekly for one year, with the postage prepaid, will ever regret the outlay, and will be remunerated to an extent almost incalculable.

The *Voice-Echo* and *Democrat* (a queer mixture) favor Randall for the Speakership—so does our member of Congress—Hon. John Reily. The virtuous *Freeman* opposes him because he is "corrupt." If Randall could only get the latter's support, he would be all "hunky."

Of course the above lying paragraph, so far as it refers to the Freeman, could only have been written by the editor of the Johnstown *Tribune*. He and the editor of the Altoona *Radical* seem to be very much distressed about the position of the Freeman in reference to Samuel J. Randall's candidacy for the Speakership of the coming Congress. Both are too cowardly to attack Randall on the score of his back-pay record, as we have more than once done, because they would then be charged with *treason* to Grant, who had his salary increased by the same bill from *twenty-five* to *fifty* thousand dollars. To denounce Grant for *that* would be just now peculiarly hazardous to the editor of the *Tribune*, and Buckingham's head might be the penalty. Will he tell us when we charged Randall with being "corrupt"? We never believed him to be so, nor have we ever said so, but have always based our opposition to him as Speaker to his well known connection with the extra pay infamy. On that issue we take our stand now, as we have always done, and on that issue alone we oppose the selection of Mr. Randall as the presiding officer of the national House of Representatives.

We regret to announce the death of Hon. William H. Witte, which occurred at his residence in Montgomery county, a few miles from Philadelphia, on last Friday. Mr. Witte, it seems, had been in failing health for several months. He was about 57 years of age, and was one of the most able and eloquent Democrats in the State. A speech which he delivered at a Democratic mass meeting in this place, in September, 1862, will long be remembered by all who heard it; and it is the truth of political history to say that the triumph of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania in that campaign was mainly due to the bold and fearless inception of it in Pittsburgh, inaugurated by William H. Witte and Francis W. Hughes, the latter of Pottsville. Theirs was the bugle-blast that summoned the Democracy of the State to a full and complete victory. The Pittsburgh *Post*, one of whose proprietors, Col. James P. Barr, was at that time elected Surveyor General, in noticing Mr. Witte's death says:

"As he was an active and pronounced Democrat, he soon attracted the notice of the leaders of that party, and in 1852 was elected to Congress, in which body he served one term. During that time he made a report upon the Smithsonian Institute, which attracted much attention in all parts of the country. Continuing his party activity on all proper occasions, Mr. Witte was named as the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1857, 1860 and 1863. But he failed to reach the goal of his ambition in this particular, although on each occasion he received complimentary votes. In the latter part of his life Mr. Witte established in Philadelphia a weekly Democratic paper, called the the Commonwealth, which he conducted with ability until within a short time of his death. He was also a leading member of the order of Odd Fellows, and Grand Master of the society for many years. Mr. Witte was a man of decided ability and a political speaker of far more than ordinary force, point and intelligence. He had an earnest, emphatic manner, which told with powerful effect upon an audience.

"In private life Mr. Witte was one of the most pleasant and genial companions, possessing the most agreeable colloquial powers, and a vast and varied fund of general and particular information. His loss will be sadly felt by a large circle of attached and admiring friends."

The nearest approach to a union of Church and State has been made by Grant, in calling to his assistance the Methodist Church in running the Indian business, although the latest effort was not more successful in getting a good man than if he had been recommended by Babcock and McDonald. An exchange says:

A few days ago the Methodist Episcopal Church recommended the appointment of a member of the Church living in Illinois, vouched for in the highest terms, as Indian agent at Fork Peck. The Church had been looking for several months for the right man to recommend, and, with the testimonials produced by the person recommended, it was believed they had found a person who would reflect credit upon the Church and the Government. The appointment was made, the commission signed, and instructions issued, and the new Agent started for his station. Three hours after he left some additional information regarding the appointee came to hand, and the Indian Commissioner learned that he had been indicted in Illinois, and was not the kind of man desired by the Government. A telegram was sent, which overtook the Agent on the cars, directing him to return his commission and the papers placed in his hands. This was done, and the commission was at once revoked, and the Methodist Church is looking now for another person to recommend!

Most Horrible Crime.—A most horrible story comes from Delaware county, Pa. A young unmarried woman became the mother of two infant children, a boy and a girl. She had gone into the woods to hide her unnatural offspring. There she left the little babes lying on the ground, to die of exposure and starvation, and went into Seaford again, and ate her dinner at her sister's, and remained there in order, no doubt, to avoid exciting suspicion. On Tuesday morning, however, a dog came up to the house with one of the little victims of her cruelty in its mouth. On seeing the evidence of her crime brought so plainly before her she became terribly agitated and acknowledged that she had deserted it, and also that there was another one in the woods. After confessing her guilt she seized upon a favorable opportunity and fled. Search was immediately instituted, when the body of the other babe was found, and, on examination, it was discovered that it had been nearly devoured by buzzards. The coroner held an inquest on the bodies of the unfortunate little victims, when the jury returned a verdict that they came to their death from exposure and starvation, by being deserted by their mother. All efforts to find the mother have been unsuccessful.

A Shawl Pin in the Lungs.—A year ago Annie Merkel, aged 14 years, daughter of John Merkel, then residing at Leesport, was crocheting and had in her mouth a shawl pin 1¾ inches in length with a large black head, which was accidentally inspired into her windpipe and passed down into her lungs. A physician was immediately sent for, but could not recover it. The presence of the pin caused inflammation and a chronic cough with expectortation of pus and blood, and it was feared she had gone into a decline with consumption of the lungs. The cough and pain in the lungs were especially severe during the past month. Last evening she attended church with her parents, and after returning home and retiring to bed she was attacked by a coughing spell which nearly caused suffocation, when suddenly a hard substance flew out of her mouth and fell on the floor. It was heard to fall and search was made for it. It proved to be about one-third of the shawl pin with the head attached. In about ten minutes another coughing spell brought up the point of the pin. Miss Merkel rested very well during the night and is in very good spirits to day. There is joy and genuine heartfelt thanksgiving in Mr. Merkel's family to-day.—*Reading Eagle, Nov.* 25.

President Grant, though eternally vigilant as to the encroachments of the Catholic Church in the gross, is criminally negligent as to its sinister advances in particular. Here, for instance, in Chicago, the only city where the prominent Federal office-holders have nobly written to him that his election for a third term is demanded by all the considerations of statesmanship, national safety and self-interest, not only have the Catholics just completed their magnificent Cathedral of the Holy Name, but they actually threaten to acquire the Union Park Congregational Church, one of the most costly and fashionable ecclesiastical edifices in the city. The congregation builded better than they could pay, and their bonds for some $80,000 are now maturing, with no reasonable prospect that they will be redeemed, so that the Roman Catholic bishop contemplates the purchase of the building. As yet Mr. Grant is silent, but it may be that Congregationalists don't count.—*N. Y. World.*

The Cardinal's Greeting.

AMERICA'S REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SUPREME PONTIFF TELLING THE VERY INTERESTING STORY OF HIS VISIT TO THE HOLY SEE.

A carved door in the reredos of the Cathedral behind the Virgin's altar swung inward at half past 10 o'clock yesterday morning, and the head of a religious procession—acolytes bearing a crucifix, a smoking censer, incense, and lighted tapers—appeared. Then more accolytes, robed like the leaders, in crimson and lace. The color of the cortege changed to purple, the hue of the vestments of Fathers Farley, Kane, and Hogan, separately, celebrant, deacon, and sub-deacon of the mass; to black, the color of the robes of Vicar-General Quinn and Fathers Kearney and Valois, and last, to royal purple scarlet, the ruling shades in the apparel of Cardinal McCloskey. A purple soutane, with a trailing train, was the main garment of the American Prince of the Church. It was girt at the waist with a broad scarlet silk sash, weighed down with great tossels of gold. Above was a surplice of soft lace, and a mantilla of purple velvet, lined with scarlet silk. Around his Eminence's neck was a golden chain, suspending a golden cross. On his erect, grayish head were the berretta and a skull-cap—both scarlet. His signet, the Papal arms graven on a large sapphire, was on his left hand. Acolytes and priests filed in state along the edge of the elevated platform, on which the altars rest, and entered the chancel.

All knelt for a moment. Then the Cardinal ascended a throne of gilded and fretted walnut, with panels of crimson silk. Fathers Quinn and Valois took lower seats just without the canopy, the acolytes arranged themselves attractively, and the celebrant and the deacons began to solemnize mass, the choir supporting them. At the end of the confession the Cardinal fed the live coals in the censer with incense, and white smoke wreathed his person, the throne, and all near it. Then the priests incensed the altar, and one another, each in his turn. After the incensing the Cardinal was absorbed in his missal—a worn, bulky book that has probably been his vade mecum since he was ordained. When the muffled gong admonished the worshippers to bow their heads and turn their thoughts to the altar, at the communion, the Cardinal stepped down from his throne, accompanied by the Vicar-General and Father Valois, knelt in front of the altar, bared his head, and bent low in worship.

After Father Farley had intoned the first Gospel, the Cardinal was escorted to the pulpit, hung with purple in his honor. Having read the 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th verses of the twenty-first chapter of Luke, he said:

My dearly-loved brethren: You do not, I trust, expect a sermon. I have hardly recovered from the effects of a long and rather tedious voyage across the Atlantic, and cannot deliver a set oration. Ill prepared though I am, I feel that I should lack consideration for you, and do myself injustice, if I did not grasp the earliest opportunity of uttering the heartfelt joy that fills me. I rejoice that I am once more at my post, and at liberty to resume the regular performance of my official duties, among my well-cherished flock. I know that you want to hear of one whose name has been in your minds, and, unuttered, on your lips since I began to speak—our Holy Father, glorious Pius IX, the Vicar of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

During my late visit to Rome I was permitted to enjoy a great deal of the society of the Holy Father. Sometimes I sat in familiar converse with him in his simple private cabinet, and at others I shared his walks, or listened to his words to the hundreds that daily flock into his presence. I was profoundly impressed with the moral grandeur, and the sublime dignity of the august head of our church. All who entered his presence were struck with reverential awe. A radiance, that lit up every scene in which he appeared, was in his countenance. His eloquence penetrated the hearts of those to whom it was addressed, whatever their professions or creeds. None looked on the Sovereign Pontiff, a captive in his own palace, without feeling that he was above monarchs, princes, or any of the great ones of the earth. Even when speaking of the wounds that cruel enemies have inflicted upon the Church, his words were not harsh. He spoke like a father grieving over rebellious children.

You have heard of the sufferings of your brethren in less favored lands. Our turn to suffer may come next. In the holy season of advent, which begins to-day, you ought to revive in your hearts the spirit of fidelity to Christ's holy Church, that you may be ready, under all circumstances, to profess your faith. But had not the Church's children been unfaithful and lacked gratitude for what God has bestowed upon them. His hand would not now be stretched out to punish them. He chastens that the chastened may turn to Him in the midst of their sufferings.

Let me remind you that in all the churches of this diocese the collections of this day are for the benefit of the new cathedral. Wherever I went in Europe, persons said to me: "When will the great Cathedral of New York be completed? We have no modern building that can be compared with it." Now, my brethren, if you will kneel, I will bestow the Pope's blessing, which he commissioned me to confer.

The congregation knelt, and the Cardinal, raising his hands majestically, pronounced the Pope's benediction in Latin. —*N. Y. Sun, 29th.*

Few tragedies better deserve the name of "horror" than that which transpired but a few days ago on the railroad near Gopfritz, Austria. At a few minutes past one in the morning, as a train of fourteen carriages, with 128 passengers, was crossing a bridge some forty feet in height, the engine ran from the rails and plunged into the chasm, dragging all but one of the cars with it. About a dozen passengers were killed and as many more seriously injured, the others, wonderful to relate (for the cars were heaped on each other and smashed to fragments), escaping with but slight wounds or bruises. The engineer and stoker were crushed to a jelly and the chief guard decapitated. A mail clerk was fatally scalded, though death did not release him for several hours, during which he lay beneath the ruin, audibly lamenting the fate of his family and entreating for water, which could not be conveyed to him. A pregnant woman, whose mother's brains were dashed out by an iron bar by her side, escaped uninjured, and gave birth to her child while yet entangled in the wreck. Examination showed that the slaughter was not the result of an accident, for hands accustomed to railroad work had removed the nuts and bolts from five rails on one side of the curve, and then replaced the rails so that the track appeared safe and untouched. The affair is all the more horrible because but a little while before three attempts had been made in a precisely similar manner to wreck trains on another road.—*N. Y. World.*

—A most singular freak of nature can be seen in a tree near Eureka, wherever that is—California, we suppose. It is half pine and half fir. It is a good sized tree, perhaps seventy-five feet high. The body from the ground to a distance of thirty feet is pine. Then for a distance of twenty feet it is fir. The remaining twenty-five feet, like the lower portion, is pine. The fir portion of the tree is in a very flourishing condition. The foliage on that part is so dense that the trunk or limbs can hardly be seen through it. On the pine portion the leaves are rather scarce. The tree is near the road, and has been noticed by nearly all who ever passed that way. It is a rare curiosity, and well worth seeing.

A Fatal Whirlwind.

A HOUSE DESTROYED—FATE OF THE INMATES.

The Newburn (N. C.) *Times* has a letter from Beaufort dated 17th inst., giving the following particulars of the ravages of a fearful whirlwind in that vicinity:

"A few days since a terrible calamity befell the family of Mrs. Clara Gaskill, of Harker's Island, in this county. A whirlwind or water-spout—it is not positively known which—was seen by persons on the banks approaching from the southwest.—It came up the beach and followed the shore on the seaside until opposite Harker's Island, when it crossed the banks, destroying everything in its course, but causing no loss of human life on the banks. From the banks it crossed the sound, taking in its track the homestead of the Gaskill family, which it destroyed in a twinkling of an eye. Although the building was a heavy one, it was so completely destroyed that no two pieces of timber remained together nor one brick upon another, but its fragments, together with the household effects, were scattered for hundreds of yards over the land. Everything in the house was destroyed, the clothing and bedding of the family being torn into shreds and scattered far and near. The family consisted of Mrs. Clara Gaskill, a widow of about sixty-five years of age, four grown sons, one daughter, and the wife and five children of one of the sons—Belcher.

"The entire family, except Belcher, who was in Beaufort at the time, was in the house when the wind struck it. They had no warning of its coming until the house was struck and swept away. The elder Mrs. Gaskill was carried about twenty-five yards from the house, and when found was apparently dead, but revived after being taken to the house of a neighbor. Her injuries are severe, but it is thought that she will recover. Mason Gaskill, a man weighing 170 pounds, was whirled through the air to a distance of more than 300 feet, and when taken up was found to have sustained severe injuries, from which it is thought he cannot recover. He is, however, improving.

"The two other brothers, Anson and Howard, were caught by pieces of the falling timber, and sustained severe though not serious injury. Miss Sabra Gaskill was caught under part of the wreck and had a foot and hand crushed. Two children of Belcher Gaskill, one a boy aged about four years, the other a girl of about three years, were killed outright. The bodies were found 150 yards from the house. The top of the girl's head was knocked completely off, while the boy was terribly crushed, and had his head split open.—Two other children were caught under parts of the falling building and badly hurt, while a third child was carried fifty yards without sustaining any injury. The mother of these children was also hurt, but not seriously."

A Band of Thieves.—An organized band of robbers has been discovered and broken up, out in Washington county. The Monongahela *Republican* publishes a long account of the depredators who called themselves the "Hundred and One; or, Happy Jacks." It seems that they were bound together by a terrible oath, had secret signs, passwords and grips, and numbered among their officers a first king, second king, third king, chief of the watch, spies, patrols, guards, etc. Their operations were mainly confined to petty thieving from the people of Monongahela and the neighboring towns, but they would take anything, from whiskey, wine, flour and butter, to poultry. They stole impartially, from rich and poor, town and country, purloining oysters and portables from saloon-keepers in the city, entering the cellars of farmers to skim the cream off their milk and carrying off the parson's porcelain kettle so that their pilfered viands might be cooked in the highest style of the art. For they were a gluttonous set of fellows and seem to have divided their time o'nights between stealing and feasting. Only occasionally did they stop people on the highway to demand their money, and their attempts of this kind failed either from fear of the consequences or lack of nerve. The ringleaders are miners, but the man whose house they made their headquarters, or at least their "fence" and banqueting hall, is a reputable carpenter. His name is John Tomer, and it is through the revelations of himself and wife, made after he had been arrested on suspicion, that the gang has been broken up and several of the worst members of it lodged in jail.

The Sentenced Murderers.—Meyers, one of the murderers who is to be hung on the 6th of January, has been giving an account of his life. He says that he served in the Union army during the war. He separated from his wife since the war, she having been twice married since the separation. She resides in St. Louis, where he also has a daughter fourteen years old, who is living with his brother. He still insists that Meyers is not his real name, and says he will never reveal it, more on his daughter's account than anything else.

A petition was circulated some time since to be sent to the Board of Pardons to obtain a commutation of Meyers' sentence to imprisonment for life. This petition was either never sent on, or never acted upon. Mr. W. C. Moreland, one of his counsel, went into his cell Friday evening, and offered to bear his own expenses, and take his case to Harrisburg when the Board meets. Meyers positively declined the offer and expressed himself ready and willing to die, although he still persisted in asserting his innocence.

Meyers is making every preparation for death, a Catholic priest making frequent visits to him. Murray, on the contrary, still persists in refusing all religious aid. He is taking the matter coolly, though at times he appears very nervous. He is the coward, and it is thought possible that he will have to be carried to the scaffold.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

A Singular Affair.—We learn that within the last two weeks a singular discovery has been made at the house of Jesse Garth, for many years deceased. It is said that a distinct and accurate likeness of Mrs. Garth, who has been dead for twenty years, can be seen on a pane of glass in the upper sash of one of the windows, presenting very much the appearance of a photograph negative. The discovery is said to have been made by a woman who was washing clothes in the yard, who imagined some one was watching her through the window, and went inside to see who it was. We gather these facts from Dr. Charles Brown, who has himself seen the singular picture. Dr. Brown remembers that about twenty years ago Mr. Garth told him that his wife, while standing at that window, was stunned by a sudden flash of lightning, and the doctor's theory is that the outlines of her features were photographed on the window pane at that time. The youngest daughter of Mr. Garth, and others who were well acquainted with Mrs. Garth, have seen the picture and pronounce it a striking likeness. It is said to be more distinct about nine o'clock in the morning and three in the afternoon than at any other time of the day.—*Charlotte (Va.) Chronicle.*

—In York there are three sisters and one brother who weigh 810 pounds.

News of the Week.

—The Pope has conferred on Lieutenant-Governor Caron, of Quebec, the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

—The editor of the Paducah *Sentinel* saw them again last week. They assumed the forms of fish falling from heaven in showers.

—A bear killed in Douglass county, Oregon, a few days ago, weighed six hundred pounds, and furnished seventy-five pounds of clear oil.

—The planing-mill of Jacob Sneath, at Columbia, Pa., was fired by an incendiary Thursday night and totally destroyed. Loss about $20,000.

—A man named Kressly has been arrested for the murder of Mrs. Joseph Schneck, of Lehigh county, which occurred about ten days ago.

—At Allentown three cannon balls were dug up from a depth of three feet. They are supposed to have been cast during the American revolution.

—Hon. M. C. Kerr married his wife in Erie, this State, when he was but eighteen years old. She was a school teacher and his senior a few years.

—In an altercation between two women at Fallsburg, N. Y., a few days since, one raised an iron poker and killed a child in the arms of the other.

—Paul Morphy is not insane after all, but is engaged assiduously in the practice of the law, and may be seen daily upon the streets of New Orleans.

—At Smithland, in Kentucky, a divorce was granted on Thursday, Nov. 11, at 9 o'clock in the morning, and the plaintiff was married the same evening.

—The Toronto Roman Catholic, have subscribed $3,500 to be presented to the police for their action on the occasion of the late pilgrimage riots.

—At a county fair, recently held at Waco, Texas, a farmer rode sixty miles in two hours and forty-nine minutes, eleven minutes less than the stipulated time.

—A millionaire living at Terre Haute, Indiana, has, during the last twenty-five years, given away nearly $2,000,000 for charitable and educational purposes.

—At Pittsburgh there will be a meeting on the 7th of December to celebrate the centennial of the establishment of the Presbyterian Church in Western Pennsylvania.

—The commissioners of Lehigh county offer $500 reward for the murderer of Mrs. Schneck, who was killed near Schnecksville, a few days since. The husband offers $1,000 reward.

—A water spout at Harker's Island, N. C., struck the dwelling of Mrs. Gaskill, a widow, totally destroyed it, killed four of her children, wounded another, and swept the sixth—a baby—away.

—A large aerolite fell into the river at Ottawa, very near the Suspension Bridge, last week. Its appearance was that of a large globe of fire, and the spray caused by its fall was distinctly visible.

—An English clergyman who has recently visited Salt Lake has given currency to the idea that the Mormons are maturing a project to purchase the Holy Land, and set themselves up in Jerusalem.

—A man of Mt. Vernon, Ill., on getting out of bed one morning, not long since, stepped upon the body of his daughter, who was sleeping on the floor, crushing her chest, and killing her instantly.

—John Scannel, who was tried in New York last week for the murder of Thomas Donahue, has been declared not guilty, on the ground of insanity. The judge expressed dissatisfaction with the verdict and remanded Scannel.

—It is a curious satire on the course of human events that Seward, Chase, Sumner, Greeley and now Wilson have died outcasts from the party they founded, and that Grant, Butler, Morton and Logan are installed as its leaders.

—A woman in Virginia City, Nevada, who had been bedridden for months, had to be carried out of the house during the late fire, and within half an hour from that her great fright had effected a complete cure of her infirmity.

—Mrs. Livermore says girls are not particular enough about the men they marry. Mrs. Stone, of Omaha, is so particular about the man *she* married that she takes her sewing to his office and sits there all day, till he is ready to go home.

—A San Francisco dispatch of the 26th ultimo says that the schooner Sunshine, hence for Coos Bay, is ashore bottom up at mouth of the Columbia River. She is reported to have had thirty passengers, besides a crew of ten. All are supposed to be lost.

—Dr. Davis and wife, sentenced to be hanged at Ottawa, Canada, for causing the death, by malpractice, of Jane Vaughn Gilmore, gave information which led to the arrest of the seducer, and their sentence was thereupon commuted to imprisonment for life.

—Moses Dickson, aged 64, a farmer of Amherst, Mass., was found murdered in his house on Saturday night, his head being smashed in with an axe. The murderer was doubtless a tramp whom he hired two weeks before, and the murder was done for money.

—John Frederick Gunter went from Chicago penniless to Australia, twenty-three years ago. He now advertises in the Chicago newspapers that he is able and willing to help his relatives, and invites them to write to him. And won't he hear from them?

—The Warren *Ledger* says that there will be but few sheriff's sales in that county this winter, for the reason that property will sell for nothing, and plaintiffs have no money to pay costs. The Brookville *Jeffersonian* advertises one hundred and eleven sheriff's sales.

—"Coal Oil Johnny," instead of working as a laboring man on a railroad, is at present building a fence around a 200-acre farm which he lately purchased in California. He saved $15,000 out of the general wreck, and "Johnny" has become a granger and is doing well.

—In the reconstruction of the Hotel de Ville, Paris, a machine is used for cutting stone which does in one day the work of 15 men. It is composed of two revolving cylinders furnished with marble hammers, by means of which the stone is separated with great rapidity and precision.

—Billings, a farmer of Wapello county, Ia., has walked from Keithsburg to New Boston and back, a distance of 106½ miles, in twenty-three and a quarter hours, the road being in some places heavy with sand. It is hoped that he may extinguish O'Leary even as that public benefactor has wiped out Weston.

—Scranton has another horror. The body of a man who had apparently been the victim of foul play was found on Thanksgiving morning at the foot of a high cliff from which there were indications that he had been thrown. It was ascertained that his name was James Kelly and that he lived at Carbondale.

—The following account is furnished to the press of a much heralded sporting event in Jersey: "The long promised fox hunt came off yesterday in the vicinity of Hackensack. The riding was a success, but the run proved a failure. The dogs lost the fox, the huntsmen lost the dogs, and the wagon drivers lost the huntsmen."

—On Thursday last a lunatic named Hill, at the Adams county hospital, killed a woman named Beatty, who went into his room to clean it. He choked her until insensible and then drove the small end of a broomstick into her brain. She had been repeatedly forbidden to go into his room without one of the keepers.

THIS WILL NOTIFY THE PU

of our intention to put NEW and LOWER PRICES on much of our

THE YEAR'S CLOSING OUT SALE WILL COMMENCE AT HALF-PAST SIX O'

WEEK-DAY MORNING, and CONTINUE UNTIL OUR FALL AND WINTER

IS SOLD.

THE MAIN FACT IS:

We have made up TOO MANY OVERCOATS and SUITS for this year, and

our Stock into Cash needed for 1876, we will make *certain* sacrifices

apparent ON AND AFTER WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER FIRST, when we

gone through our Salesrooms and cut off Profits, and even a part of

many of our present prices.

To be very exact in stating this matter, as we do not intend that any

or custom of our house shall mislead the public in the least particular, we

per to say, that this Mark Down, whilst it applies to

A THOUSAND AND MORE OVERCOATS,
A THOUSAND AND MORE BUSINESS COATS,
HUNDREDS OF DRESS COATS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND VESTS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND PAIRS OF PANTS,

and extends throughout our house, yet there are some lots in which [illegible] been marked at close prices,) we shall make no change.

WE DESIRE TO ANNOUNCE THAT THIS IS

Our FINAL and ONLY Mark Down this S

SO THAT NONE NEED WAIT FOR LOWER PRICES.

THE STEP WE TAKE WILL WONDERFULLY AID THOSE WHO FEEL LIKE

The Terms of the Sale are the usual Terms of our H

1.—No Second or Altered Price—ONE FIXED PRICE.

2.—Cash from All, to warrant Low Prices.

3.—The Contract on our part, to *return the money*, is a part of the

case (provided goods are returned unworn).

4.—A *Full Guarantee* given for each garment.

The Stock we offer is all NEW, and is not "BOUGHT" or "WHOLESALE

OUR OWN CAREFULLY MADE CLOTH

It will be remembered that our stock always embraces the

STANTIAL GOODS, and that EVERY SIZE and SHAPE is provided for

It will also be borne in mind that there is but ONE OAK HALL

THE CORNER OF

6th SIXTH--SIXTH--SIXTH--SIXTH And MARKET Streets.

Hoping for a visit from each reader, and that our friends will pass

to all their friends in the country,

We are Very Truly,

Wanamaker & Br

PHILADELPHIA.

—Governor Safford, of Arizona, has offered a reward of $500 for the capture of a man named Sheridan, who is believed to have committed eight murders by luring his victims off into the mountains under prétext of showing them rich mines.

—Including those at Monroe on Friday, nine persons have been executed for murder in the State of Louisiana within the last three years. The death warrants of three others have been signed. The records of the Secretary of State's office show that in the preceding fifteen years only three executions for murder had taken place by process of law in that State.

—They got up a mock marriage for amusement at a party in Portage county, Ohio, the other evening, but a real magistrate, who was among the guests, performed the ceremony, and it now appears that the couple are legally married. At last accounts they hadn't quite decided whether to accept the situation or get a divorce.

—Some young men near Centre Ridge, Bucks county, while out gunning, a few days ago, discovered a small opening in a hill side, which proved to be the entrance to a cave. Upon going inside they found two stoves, lamps, spoons, forks, knives, and other things, proving that it had once been inhabited. No one in the neighborhood knew of its existence before, and from appearances it was abandoned years ago.

—During the fire at McKeesport, on Tuesday night, a lady named Mehaffy, whose family lived near the scene of the conflagration, upon discovering the buildings in flames called to her mother to come to the window. The lady did as she was requested, and upon looking out of the window immediately dropped over dead. It is supposed she was affected by heart disease, and the sudden shock caused her death.

—A woman, aged forty, named Wilhelmina Weik, was arrested in Buffalo on Sunday, charged with murdering her stepson, aged fourteen, who has been missing since the 2d ult. The body was found in an old well on the premises, in a nude state, except a shirt, and with a chain and other weights attached to his neck. Property belonging to him, and reverting to her own child in case of his death, is supposed to have been the cause.

—Miss Elizabeth Collins, aged seventeen years, of Allegheny county, was killed under the following circumstances on Thanksgiving day: A neighbor came to the house where she stayed and asked for her employer's shot gun. He endeavored to discharge it on the outside, but failing he laid it on the table and tampered with the hammer. While he was thus engaged the girl approached the table and was about to remove a dress, when the contents of the gun were discharged into her groin, causing death in a short time.

—Now that the "mountains of solid gold" in the Black Hills have turned out to be deposits of mica, the papers which are so anxious that all the surplus male population shall go West and grow up with Dakota declare that the mica will readily find sale at $1 a pound. There are mountains of mica in Mitchell county, N. C., within easy reach of railroad lines connecting the mines with the Eastern cities, where the material is used for lanterns, stove-door-plates, &c., and it is a drug in the local market at 50 cents a pound.

—Recently Stanton Miller, of Crawford county, found a buffalo robe on the road and took it home against the advice of a farmer who told him that it had dropped from a passing wagon. The same night the owner claimed $25 damages from Miller, who gave him a horse as security for the amount. Miller became delirious next day and imagined that he was to be punished for taking the robe. A few days afterward, in the absence of his attendants, he partially dressed himself and departed, since which time nothing has been heard of him. It is supposed that he perished in the woods.

—For some time past a bitter animosity has existed between Oliver Durbin and John Pettitt, in Richhill, Greene county, Pa., the feud having originated in jealousy about a young woman. Several times Durbin has threatened to kill his rival, and about a month ago attempted to shoot him. Last Wednesday evening the two men met at the house of James Daily, where a party was in progress, and before any one could interfere, Durbin attacked Pettitt and crushed his skull in with a heavy stone, which had evidently been concealed about his person and taken to the ballroom to perform the murderous work. The murderer was at once arrested, and it required the most determined efforts on the part of the authorities to save him from being lynched

—The treasures that [illegible] be sailed, as he said, [illegible] buried are now being [illegible] of William H. Seamon, [illegible] the harbor of Amherst, N.S. gentleman from Boston, [illegible] ed three laborers, and [illegible] digging over the whole [illegible] been induced to undertake [illegible] old French sailor who was [illegible] the Gut of Canso and [illegible] stated that a large amount [illegible] buried near Amherst, [illegible] described circumstances [illegible] been perfectly identical.

—In one of the cars [illegible] Railroad not long since [illegible] young lady dressed in the [illegible] ling who was taking leave [illegible] of her mother, which [illegible] baggage car. Suddenly [illegible] in her seat and began [illegible] murder!" Several of the [illegible] once rushed to her, [illegible] reason had left her [illegible] lunatic, doubtless caused [illegible] row. She was [illegible] ear, struggling violently [illegible] the united exertions of [illegible] strain her from doing [illegible] herself or to others, [illegible] a place where she could [illegible]

—A marble figure [illegible] markable work, has [illegible] the Louvre, in the gallery [illegible] ture of the Middle Ages [illegible] tel standing, and holding [illegible] on her right arm, which [illegible] she supports his feet. [illegible] with the folds of her [illegible] strings of her bodice. The [illegible] ginally colored. Traces [illegible] are still visible in her [illegible] was supposed to be the [illegible] brothers Juste, Florentine [illegible] came to France in the [illegible] sixteenth century. It [illegible] Louvre by a painter and [illegible] lector named Tricot in [illegible] francs.

—The Germantown [illegible] graph avers that a petition [illegible] ered by the Pennsylvania [illegible] pany to build a grade [illegible] of the city, perhaps at [illegible] ket streets, where the [illegible] square of ground, to which [illegible] can be added. It appears [illegible] under consideration for [illegible] another, to construct [illegible] the Schuylkill. The [illegible] Market street bridge [illegible] ter prominently [illegible] depot the idea is probably [illegible] London, where the [illegible] in the heart of the city, [illegible] which by tunnels [illegible] terfered with or obstructed.

—Happy Sylvester Sm[illegible] Brown county, Ohio, [illegible] celebrated his seventy [illegible] company with his [illegible] After dinner he took the [illegible] road in front of the house [illegible] left them all in a scramble [illegible] yards. The old man [illegible] wondering offspring [illegible] when he was young. [illegible] rail fence without [illegible] climbed a branch of the [illegible] times, climbed to the [illegible] hand over hand, then [illegible] house, and ripped the [illegible] pants in the effort, and [illegible] "if she didn't fix 'em at [illegible] knock the socks off [illegible] Sylvester Shaw! Long [illegible] habitant!

—Fully 5,000 people [illegible] gathered at Monroe, [illegible] witness the execution of [illegible] and Alice Farris, [illegible] the murder of Henry [illegible] of Alice, all colored. [illegible] erected in the centre of [illegible] square, near the jail. [illegible] ten o'clock the condemned [illegible] to the scaffold. The [illegible] warrant followed, at which [illegible] were greatly agitated. [illegible] The confessions of both [illegible] lished in the Ouachita [illegible] day, show their unbridled [illegible] brutal murder. Alice [illegible] years of age, died with [illegible] gle. Nellums, after being [illegible] ed the rope above his head [illegible] his side. His arms were [illegible] down by the sheriff and [illegible] struggles ceased. He was [illegible] perfectly pinioned before [illegible] tion he managed to free his [illegible] minutes after their fall [illegible] were cut down. The [illegible] ducted without interruption [illegible] of disapprobation.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - DEC. 3, 1875.

W. L. FOULK,

Agent of the Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia Press Association.

Is the only person in Pittsburgh who is authorized to solicit and receive pay for advertisements to be inserted in the CAMBRIA FREEMAN. He has our lowest advertising rates.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Cold as Helen Blazes and still a colden.

—Now is the time for ice storers to harvest the crystal crop.

—The holidays ought to be at home when they get to Hollidaysburg.

—An immersion took place in the Stony Creek at Johnstown on Sunday last.

—A large number of workmen are said to have been suspended at the Altoona shops this week.

—Caleb Robinson, of Huntingdon county, 102 years old, made 250 shingles in one day not long since.

—Buckwheat flour was last week quoted at one cent per pound in the neighboring town of Indiana.

—A fire in an abandoned coal mine in Clearfield county threatens the destruction of 2,000 acres of coal.

—A man named O'Brien was arrested at Gallitzin on Saturday last for skipping his board bill in Altoona.

—The publication day of the Huntingdon *Journal* has been changed from Wednesday to Friday of each week.

—There are at present 564 prisoners in the western penitentiary, and still there are some not there who should be.

—If you say to a certain old citizen of Lewistown, R. U. Jacob, the truth of history will require him to answer that he is.

—Hon. John Reilly accompanied by his amiable better half, took up his line of march for Washington City on Wednesday last.

—The Pa. R. R. car shops at Altoona are running full handed just now in the building of one hundred additional freight cars.

—Capt. R. L. Horrell, of Hollidaysburg, was kicked in the groin by a horse on Saturday and placed *hors du combat* for the time being.

—The dwelling house of John Beaumont, near Clearfield borough, was burned to the ground a few nights ago. The old story—a defective flew.

—A barrel of whiskey, stolen as is supposed from the freight depot at Johnstown a few nights previous, was found in the Conemaugh river on Monday last.

—A beautiful white swan, measuring seven feet two inches from tip to tip of wings, was shot and killed on a saw mill dam at Ashland Furnace, this county, one day last week.

—Robert Lindsey and James Hopkins, two Hollidaysburg Nimrods, succeeded in killing a huge bear somewhere along the line of the Bell's Gap R. R. one day last week.

—The new engineer on our Branch train is not, we take it, a man who will put on airs and swell up like a toad simply because the Altoona *Tribune* speaks of him as Thomas Masterson, Esq.

—A man named Miller is suspected of having set fire to the barn of Mr. Walker, near Somerset, and the belief is general that he also killed a couple of fine horses belonging to the same gentleman.

—Mr. M. L. Oatman has cut his way into the large frame building recently added to the rear of his fine mercantile establishment and has now one of the longest, neatest and cheapest stores in Ebensburg.

—The advertisement in another column headed "100 Horses Wanted" looks like a big bonanza for our rural friends, and parties having healthy horse flesh to dispose of may do well by crossing Mr. Crossen's path.

—Mr. John Lowe, sr., of Gaysport, fell over a fifteen or twenty feet embankment at the bridge between that place and Hollidaysburg, on Friday night last, and fractured one rib and otherwise injured himself quite severely.

—Martin Smith, a former citizen of Hollidaysburg, where he was raised, has been convicted at Cumberland Md., of conspiracy to defraud the United States by a false claim for bounty money, and sentenced to the penitentiary for two years and to pay a fine of $1,000.

—Our thanks are tendered to Mr. John W. Roberts for a couple of admission tickets to the grand vocal concert to be given by the "Band of Hope," at the Congregational church in this place, on Wednesday night of next week—an entertainment which we trust will be well patronized.

—If a man wants to put his money where it will accumulate the most interest, and where it will in all probability be safe from the baneful effects of financial panics, we invite his attention to the card of the Johnstown Savings Bank, published at the head of the last column on this page.

—Two valuable horses belonging to Mr. Westover, of Chest township, this county, were stolen from the stable of that gentleman a few nights ago. They were ridden towards Clearfield county and the next day they were recovered, but the thieves made their escape by taking to the woods.

—Messrs. Geis, Foster & Quinn declare that 25 per cent. can be saved in the purchase of dry goods and dress goods at their mammoth cash store in Johnstown. They sell excellent dress goods as low as 12½ cents per yard, and other goods in proportion. A full line of holiday goods just received. Go and see how it is yourself.

—A colored man was arrested at Bolivar on Friday last for the recent alleged poisoning of four horses owned by a farmer living in Lower Yoder township, this county, also named, but at a hearing given him in Johnstown, on Saturday evening, the evidence failed to establish his guilt, and he was therefore discharged.

—The notorious Clark sisters, who were discharged from jail here on Thanksgiving day and walked all the way to Johnstown, got on a jamboree in honor of their release and were brought back for another thirty days' imprisonment on the following even. We think these unfortunates are not altogether *compos mentis*.

—A thoughtful and well written paper, the first of a series, on the subject of the financial, from the pen of an intelligent friend in Summerhill township, reached us on Wednesday night, but as we did not have time to give it our personal attention, as desired, we have been compelled to withhold its publication until next week.

—Our friends King and Jones, of lightning rod fame, have opened a livery, feed and sale stable in Johnstown, and if the gorgeous "cut" at the head of their announcement in a local print means anything it means that they have horses which can be ridden bareback *a la* circus style. Be that as it may, we trust that good luck will attend them in their new venture.

—A young man whose name we did not learn attempted to jump on a freight train at Portage Station, on Wednesday evening of last week, but missing his footing fell with one of his feet under the wheels, several of which passed over that member and crushed it so badly that amputation had to be resorted to. One of his legs was also broken at the same time.

—The holidays are coming, the galddest of the year, with their joyful greetings and their ever pleasant cheer, and the man who seeks to welcome and in their glorious presence bless himself and loving kindred will buy a suit from Hess, who has a stock the equal can no where else be seen, and at prices which no one can excel, we ween.—S. J. Hess, Oak Hall Clothing Store, 241 and 243 Main stree, Johnstown.

—Mr. George Zane, son of our friend and patron, Mr. Redinger Zane, of East Conemaugh, made a narrow escape from severe injury if not from death on Saturday last. He was standing on a board or plank on the coal scaffold at that place, when the board suddenly broke and let him fall to the ground, a distance of fully eighteen feet. Strange to say, he sustained no worse injuries than a dislocated shoulder and a few contusions about the body.

—No man or youth need permit the holikays to overtake him with shabby clothes upon his back, now that Myers & Lloyd have just received the largest and finest stock of clothing ever brought to Ebensburg. The same may be said of the ladies, for a splended assortment of dress goods of various grades are also among the recent openings at that popular mercantile mart. Myers & Lloyd sell strictly for cash, and that's the reason why they sell so awful cheap.

—Messrs. Lemmon & Murray have in store an abundance of choice articles for holiday gifts, such as fancy goods, toy and other handsome books, the most elegant and varied array of simon pure jewelry to be found in the town, and many other desirable knick-knacks. They have also received a fresh invoice of drugs of various kinds, which will be found specially useful after the holidays in reconstructing the physical systems of those who have gorged themselves to more than repletion with the good things of life.

—We would have been glad if the opportunity had been afforded us to chronicle the election of our friend N. F. Carroll, of Salina, Kansas, as County Treasurer, for which he was a candidate on the Democratic ticket, but inasmuch as he was defeated by only seventeen votes in a strong Republican county, he has good reason to be proud of the run he made. Mr. Carroll is a Johnstown boy, and is well known to many of our readers, having been in the mercantile business for a number of years in his native place, as well as in Altoona.

—On Monday last, about noon, James Inscho and Martin V. Fry got into a quarrel while playing cards in the saloon of August Danges, Johnstown, and the finale of the trouble was that the former stabbed the latter three times—once in the back, once in the left breast, both severe wounds, and slightly on the right side of the forehead. Inscho made his escape, but was arrested the same evening, and is now in jail here, having been brought up on Tuesday evening. The wounded man will recover. He and Inscho are brothers-in-law.

—Miss Reiber, aged about fourteen years, was dangerously shot while returning from a recent coon hunting expedition in Somerset county. She was walking alongside of Eli Crosby, a young man, in one of whose pockets was a small pistol which by some means became discharged, and the ball penetrating Miss Reiber's face below the jaw bone, and passing upward, broke out all the teeth on the side of her mouth, and passing through the root of her tongue, lodged in the cheek on the opposite side of the face from which it had entered. Her condition is critical.

—In the bed of Blacklegs creek, bordering on the farms of Mr. Ray and Mr. McDowell, in Conemaugh township, Indiana county, is a rock of peculiar formation, which attracts the attention of all who may happen in that vicinity, when the stage of water is such as to permit an inspection of its surface. It contains three basin-shaped orifices in its surface, evidently wrought there for a purpose. As it is near the place where a large crucible was found, it is surmised these basins were used for the purpose of crushing or grinding the ore of some precious metal.

—With sincere regret we announce the death of the wife and one child of our whilom friend and associate of Johnstown *Echo* fame, R. Emmet Smith, eldest son of Capt. G. Nelson Smith, which sad events occurred at the residence of that gentleman in Georgetown, D. C., on the 27th and 28th of November, respectively. We knew Mrs. Smith in her girlhood and early wedded days as an amiable, kind hearted and affectionate lady, and now that she has been called from time to eternity, we cannot but hope that her immortal spirit has met with a favorable judgment.

—Captain Morgan McDonald, of Loretto, has presented to the Catholic fair which opens its doors in this place on Monday evening next, a pair of well trained goats and a very elegant wagon and two sets of harness to match—for all which he was offered the snug sum of $100 if he would deliver the same in the city of Philadelphia. Good for the Captain! Joseph Hogue, Esq., of Allegheny township, has also contributed through us a handsome table cover for the benefit of the same enterprise, for which he will please accept thanks. Who's next?

—Our people were surprised on Tuesday last to learn that at a late hour on the night previous, R. L. Johnston, Esq., and Wm. B. Bonacker, Esq., the latter of whom was summoned by telegraph from his home in Johnstown, had been cited before Justice Kinkead to answer the charge of compounding a felony, brought against them by Geo. C. K. Zahm, Esq. The alleged offence grew out of the signing of a document in which they agreed to exonerate James B. Zahm from prosecution for having embezzled funds from the banking house of Collins, Johnston & Co., in which the gentlemen named are partners, on condition that he (Zahm) would return certain valuable papers belonging to said bank. The accused waived a hearing and entered into recognizances in the sum of $500 each to appear at court and answer the charge.

A WANT SUPPLIED.—The American mind is active. It has given us books of fiction for the sentimentalist, learned books for the scholar and professional student, but *few books for the people*. A book *for the people* must relate to a subject of universal interest. Such a subject is the physical man, and such a book "THE PEOPLE'S COMMON SENSE MEDICAL ADVISER," a copy of which has been recently laid on our table. The high professional attainments of its author—Dr. R. V. PIERCE, of Buffalo, N. Y.,—and the advantages derived by him from an extensive practice would alone insure for his work a cordial reception. But these are not the merits for which it claims our attention. The Author is *a man of the people*. He sympathizes with them in all their afflictions, efforts, and attainments. He perceives their want—*a knowledge of themselves*—and believing that all truth should be made as universal as God's own sunlight, from his fund of learning and experience he has produced a work in which he gives them the benefits of his labors. In it he considers man in every phase of his existence, from the moment he emerges "from a rayless atom, too diminutive for the sight, until he gradually envolves to the maturity of those *Conscious Powers*, the exercise of which furnishes subjective evidence of our immortality." Proceeding upon the theory that every fact of mind has a physical antecedent, he has given an admirable treatise on Cerebral Physiology, and shows the bearings of the facts thus established upon individual and social welfare. The author believes with Spencer, that "as vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatever, the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that yields to no other whatever," and accordingly has introduced an extensive discussion of the methods by which we may preserve the integrity of the system and oftimes prevent the onset of disease. Domestic Remedies—their preparation, uses, and effects—form a prominent feature of the work. The hygienic treatment, or nursing of the sick, is an important subject, and receives attention commensurate with its importance. Nearly all diseases "to which flesh is heir" are described, their symptoms and causes explained, and proper domestic treatment suggested. To reciprocate the many favors bestowed upon him by a generous public, the author offers his book at a price ($1.50) little exceeding the cost of publication. Our readers can obtain this practical and valuable work by addressing the author.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

COMPLIMENTARY.—We do not suppose that the following clippings from four of our exchanges will induce any of our delinquent patrons to turn from the evil of their ways, but it is nevertheless gratifying to have such kind words spoken about us by those who know how it is themselves, and especially so as only one of the papers quoted pulls in the same political harness as the FREEMAN, two or them being Republican journals and the third independent in politics. Such disinterested advice from outside parties should be heeded; but will it be?—ah! there's the rub. Here are the extracts, however—read and consider them well:

BRO. MCPIKE, of the Cambria *Freeman*, talks very plainly to his patrons in his last week's paper, and wants to know where the money is to come from, if he is to continue its publication. He says that unless he is better supported in the future than in the past, he has fully determined to pull up stakes. The *Freeman* is a good newspaper, and we do not think the people of Cambria county can afford to allow McPike to leave them.—*Tyrone Herald.*

COME DOWN.—McPike, of the Cambria *Freeman*, announces in this week's issue that unless his patrons come down with a more liberal support he will be compelled to shut shop, and seek fame and fortune elsewhere. The *Freeman's* readers should do the amiable for Mac., as they would appreciate his loss should he be compelled to quit publishing.—*Altoona Mirror.*

M'PIKE, of the Cambria *Freeman*, in the last issue of his paper, talks business to his delinquent patrons, and intimates very strongly that unless they "toe the mark" and come down with the "spinners" he will pull up stakes and leave. The *Freeman* is a good paper, and our friend M'Pike deserves better treatment at the hands of the "frosty sons of thunder."—*Huntingdon Journal.*

MCPIKE, of the Cambria *Freeman*, threatens to step down and out from the publication of that journal, unless his subscribers step up to the captain's office and settle their indebtedness with more promptitude in the future than in the past. Right!—*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

A RELIC OF THE REVOLUTION.—We were shown Saturday, by Dr. C. N. Hickok, of Bedford, the British flag which floated over Fort Bedford in pre-revolutionary times. Tradition is not clear as to the precise time of the capture of this flag from the British, and written history has nothing to say on the subject. But the best information that can be obtained in regard to the matter makes it certain that it was taken either in 1769 by Capt. Smith's "Black Boys" (a band of regulators whose object was to prevent the traders from supplying the Indians with guns and ammunition and who actually dispossessed the British of the fort in 1769), or in 1776, immediately after the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence. The flag was in the possession of Mr. Anthony Nawgle, immediately after the close of the war of independence, in whose family it has been a sort of heir-loom. It is now in the custody of Hugh Moore, Esq., formerly sheriff of Bedford county. It is made of the finest and heaviest damask silk and is excellently preserved. The tradition is that it was presented to the garrison of Fort Bedford by the Duke of Bedford. Dr. Hickok will take the flag to Philadelphia with a view of placing it on exhibition at the Centennial.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

ROBBERY AT PINE FLAT.—A village in Indiana county, know as Pine Flat, enjoyed quite a sensation a few days ago. The store of Mr. Evan Williams was entered at night, and goods of considerable value carried off. As in the case of a recent robbery at Greensburg the burglars had provided themselves with a team, and the stolen articles were placed in the wagon and hauled away. The track made by the wheels was easily followed, and some three miles distant the trail came to an end. A brief search soon resulted in finding all the goods stored away under a haystack, and suspicion fastened at once upon four persons residing in the vicinity. The arrest of three of them was promptly effected, but the other made his escape. The evidence against the party captured was of a sufficiently direct nature to justify their incarceration in the jail of Indiana county, and it is pretty certain that the fourth member of the gang will be caught. There seems to be an epidemic of robberies occurring throughout the rural districts just now, and it would be well for a strict look out to be kept by country readers to prevent gangs of thieves from committing depredations of this kind.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.—Are you suffering with Consumption, Coughs, Severe Colds settled on the breast or any disease of the Throat and Lungs? If so, go to your Druggists, Lemon & Murray, Ebensburg, or to Wolfesiagle & Son, Wilmore, and get a bottle of BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP. This medicine has lately been introduced from Germany, and is selling on its own merits. The people are going wild over its success, and druggists all over our country are writing us of its wonderful cures among their customers. If you wish to try its superior virtue get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents. Large size bottle 75 cents. Three doses will relieve you. Try it.

—Jacob Brallier, the express messenger who unfortunately smothered two valuable hunting dogs and several fine chickens not-long since at Philadelphia by closing the door of the express car, fell from his car between Shady Side and East Liberty, on Saturday morning, while arranging the goods in the car. His collar bone was broken and he received several bruises on the arm and face but he managed to walk to the next station, where he telegraphed another messenger to take charge of the car. Brallier lives in Johnstown. He was assessed $25 and costs in Philadelphia for cruelty to animals in smothering the dogs and chickens.

—Rt. Rev. M. Domenec, Catholic Bishop of this diocese, arrived safely in Rome on Friday last.

THE PITTSBURGH GAZETTE.—Those who are arranging for their home papers for the next year, will do wisely to send for sample copies of the PITTSBURGH GAZETTE, Daily or Weekly, as it will be seen to be the best paper published in Pittsburgh. It is the oldest, being nearly ninety years old, and has kept pace with all phases of modern newspaper progress. It is printed on new type, and on clean, white, handsome paper. Its news is specially full, and accurate. It receives Cable news from Europe, and Dispatches from all parts of the country. It has special correspondents in Washington during the session of Congress, and at Harrisburg during sessions of the Legislature, and will give full reports of all that is interesting in the proceedings. Its Local news is complete and varied, yet chaste and pure. Its Editorials contain trenchant discussions of all current subjects, and deal independently with all the issues of the hour. The paper is Republican in Politics, but holds that the party is superior to cliques and rings. *Its Market Reports are specially full and complete, and have a reputation that is widespread, for accuracy and reliability.* Its reports of the *Live Stock* market are also the best in the city. In frequent instances, parties in the country have saved or made considerable sums by following the accurate reports of prices, given in the GAZETTE, in making their sales. It also contains Agricultural, Household, and Family reading, carefully selected. Thus it is a family paper of great excellence and rare cheapness, as to price. Its circulation is the largest of the Pittsburgh press. The GAZETTE is furnished at the following rates, and we claim that they afford the cheapest newspaper published, when the size and quality of the paper are considered:

TERMS:

Daily Gazette (postage prepaid) by mail, per annum, $10.00; for six months, $5.00; for three months, $2.50; for one month, $1.00; by the week, payable to the carrier, 15 cents.

Weekly Gazette (postage prepaid) by mail, single subscribers, $1.75 per year; in clubs of five, $1.50; in clubs of ten or more, $1.40, and an additional copy for every ten to the getter up of the club. Postmasters are requested to act as agents.

For sample copy, of daily or weekly, free of charge, address

KING, REED & CO.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

VIOLATING THE REVENUE LAW.—Deputy-Marshal Harris went over to Altoona yesterday and succeeded in effecting the arrest of four persons who stand charge I with violating the Revenue law. An information was made against them, some time ago, before U. S. Commissioner Irwin Rutledge, of this place, by F. P. Gilbert, the Deputy of Collector Royer, and they were all brought over for a hearing to-day.

The first was Joseph Stahl, who is charged with specifically selling beer from unstamped kegs, and also with not cancelling stamps placed upon a number of kegs. The evidence was deemed sufficient to justify the holding of him in the sum of $500 in each case for his appearance at the May term, 1876, of the U. S. Court at Pittsburgh. The bail was furnished, and he was discharged.

Gustave Klemest is charged with selling beer from unstamped kegs, and also with having stamps in his possession which had been used and not cancelled. Bail in the sum of $500 in each case was furnished for his appearance same as above, and he was permitted to depart.

Christ Wahl is charged with selling beer from kegs not properly stamped, and gave bail in the sum of $500 for his appearance at the May Term.

Charles Hald is charged with having beer on tap and selling the same from kegs not properly stamped and also with delivering beer to saloons and taverns without taking the precaution to affix stamps on the kegs. $500 bail in each instance was given for the appearance of defendant for trial next May.

The principal witness against these alleged violators of the law was Mr. A. D. Harlem, a Government officer from Philadelphia, who spent a short time in Altoona looking around the places of business of the gentlemen named. A large delegation of their friends accompanied them from Altoona, and all took their departure on the Atlantic Express.—*Johnstown Tribune Dec. 1st.*

HOMICIDE IN WESTMORELAND COUNTY.—Our friend and brother typo, Mr. J. A. Kittell, late of this place, now a resident of Scottdale, Westmoreland county, sends us, under date of Nov. 26th, the following particulars of a homicide which occurred about one o'clock on the morning of Thanksgiving day. Mr. Kittell says:

Samuel Morrow, bar-keeper at the Scottdale House, shot and killed Thomas Dobson about 1 o'clock yesterday morning (25th inst.). It appears from the evidence before a coroner's jury, that Dobson and some three or four of his friends entered the bar-room in a disorderly and quarrelsome disposition, and demanded drink, which was refused by Morrow, who ordered them out. Dobson thereupon presented a revolver and threatened to blow his heart out, when Morrow quickly grappled a pistol and fired, the ball striking Dobson in the right breast, and after passing through his body, lodged between the fourth and fifth ribs. Dobson ran about forty yards, when he fell to the ground and expired. The verdict of the coroner's jury was "justifiable homicide." Morrow gave himself up, but was released on bail to appear and answer at next term of Court. Dobson was about 27 years of age, and leaves a wife and one child.

TO MY COAT.—Thou matchless piece of excellence—leader of fashion's sway—thou art my vision in the night, my happiness by day. I have thy praises everywhere, thy beauties loudly sung; thy quality and elegance resound from every tongue. But when I tell thy *little* cost, surprises o'roomes them all, until I prove to them it came from the great Star Clothing Hall. James J. Murphy, proprietor, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown.

RYMENAL.

YINGER—MILLER.—Married, at the Catholic church, St. Boniface, on Tuesday, Nov. 16, 1875, by Rev. Father Michaels, Mr. ROBERT YINGER, of Carrolltown borough, and Miss MARY ANN MILLER, of St. Boniface, Chest township.

OBITUARY.

CARNEY.—Died, on Wednesday morning, Nov. 24, 1875, between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock, at the residence of her parents in Munster township, after a long and painful illness, Miss KATE, second daughter of John and Rose Carney, aged 22 years, 3 months and 3 days.

Never have we known the dread summons to come to any one better prepared to appear before the judgment seat of God and render an account of her stewardship than was the young lady whose untimely death forms the subject of this notice. For a considerable time an inmate of our own household, and for many years one of our most cherished friends, we can truly say that we never knew one to excel her in all those virtues and graces which adorn and exalt fallen humanity. Gentle, kind and loving by nature, and the very personification of true humility, she lived a life that was well worthy of imitation and died a death that even the most devout Christian might well envy. Deeply afflicting, but none the less deserved, was the tribute paid to the deceased by her beloved pastor Rev. Father Hackett, who over the bier upon which rested her mortal remains and in presence of her weeping relatives and a large concourse of sympathizing friends, bore eloquent testimony to her many christian virtues and expressed the earnest hope that himself and his hearers might be as well prepared to meet their God as was she whose mortal remains were about to be consigned to their last earthly resting place—a hope which will find an echo in the heart of every one who knew the deceased. After a solemn High Mass and the funeral rites of the Catholic church had been performed, the inanimate form of our young friend was interred in the cemetery at Summitville, whither it had been followed, notwithstanding the almost incessant down-pour of rain and the great chilliness of the atmosphere, by a large number of friends and neighbors, not a few of whom plodded the entire distance, fully five miles, on foot. May a crown of glory be vouchsafed her in the mansions of eternal bliss.

BRUCE.—Died, in Allegheny township, on Wednesday, Nov., 24, 1875, Mrs. AMELIA BRUCE, relict of George Bruce, dec'd, aged about 58 years.

The subject of this notice was a sister of Messrs. Patrick and Charles McManamy, and Mrs. Eliza Parrish, widow of the late Silas Parrish, and was the mother-in-law of Dr. Anderson, at whose residence she died. She was the mother of twelve children, six of whom are still living. During her life Mrs. Bruce met with many vicissitudes, prominent among which were the frequent deaths in her family, that of her husband in 1863 being her last and severest affliction, and the destruction by fire on two occasions of her house and all its contents, involving heavy financial losses. Under these repeated troubles her mind became somewhat impaired, her physical health broke down and for more than two years past she was confined invalid, subject to spasms which at times were attended by falls and bruises of a very painful character. She had been, often however, confined to her bed only a few weeks when the summons came which relieved her from all her earthly pains and ushered her, as her friends have reason to hope and believe, into the enjoyment of those eternal felicities which await the faithful servants of God in the kingdom of Heaven. Having been a consistent and pious professor of the Catholic faith during her life, she received the last rites of the Church, and died full of well founded hope for the never-ending future. It may truly be said of her that she had not an enemy in the world, and that none knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise. May she rest in peace. A.

Our Puzzle Department.

DEAR FREEMAN.—I send you an enigma for your many readers to solve, as follows:

EPITAPH ON AN OLD PIE WOMAN.

Bene A Thin Thed Ustt Hemo Uid yo L D C Rusto Fuel L B Ach El Lor Lat ELY Wa S shove N W How Ass kiffd I N T H Ear T Soip I Esen Star D San D T Art San D K N E W E Ver yus E Oft He ove N W Hens He 'Dli V'D L on geno Ug H S hem A D E he R la Stp Uf fap Uf F B y be R bu S Ban D M Ueh pra is 'D No Wheres Hedot H L i e Tom A kead I R T P ie In hop Esthathe R C R U S T W I L L B Era is 'D!

Here is a problem: A poor woman carrying a basket of apples was met by three boys, the first of whom bought half of what she had, and then gave her back 10; the second boy bought a third of what remained, and gave her back 2; and the third bought half of what she still had left, and returned her 1; after which she found she had 12 apples remaining. What number had she at first?

The above problem may trouble some of your readers to crack for a week to come.

Yours, truly. J. C. SCANLAN.
Allegheny Twp., Nov. 27, 1875.

DEAR FREEMAN.—The answer to J. C. Brown's problem is, $43.00. J. W. Boyland's problem admits of various solutions, all correct and in accordance with the statement of his problem, thus: The book buyer may had $6 at first and had $6 when done buying; or he may have had $5.50 at first and $2 when done; or he may have had $5.25 at first, and none left when the purchases were made. Answer to J. C. Trout's watch problem: At 20⅝ seconds after 4 o'clock, p. m., each hand was midway between the other two hands.

J. C. Trout's answer to Mr. O'Friel's problem is not correct, or near correct, for the difference in the prices of two acres of land was 80 cents, while but Mr. Trout makes the difference only 75½ cents—therefore not right.

Yours, &c., LORETTO.

DEAR FREEMAN.—Below please find answers to problems in regular order as published last week. Also a problem of my own which I offer for the edification of your readers:

1. The land is divided into 247.213595 acres and 152.786404 acres, making 399.999999 acres in all.
2. He had at first $43.
3. He had $5.25 on entering the first store and had no money when he came out of the third or last one.

PROBLEM.

A farmer sold 3 bushels of wheat and 8 bushels of oats for $4.00, and at the same rate per bushel sold 10 bushels of wheat and 5 bushels of oats for $12.85. How much did he receive per bushel for each? Arithmetical solution requested. N. O. D.

"A. D. H.," Chest Springs, also answers the last two problems in the same way as above given, and likewise sends a solution of the first problem, but as it is accompanied by hieroglyphics which we have not the type to present, we are obliged to give it the go by. That it does not exactly correspond with the solution of the author himself, as neither indeed does the answer of "N. S. D.," will be apparent to our friend on comparing his solution with the one published below. "A. D. H." also adds his mite to the general fund in this wise:

PROBLEM.

By means of a lever a certain number of lbs., Troy, attached to the arm of the weight balances the same number of oz. Avoirdupois, attached to the arm of the power. Required, the ratio between the arms of the lever, a lb. Troy being to a lb. Avoirdupois as 5760:7000.

"LORETTO'S" ANSWER TO HIS OWN PROBLEM.

Greater share.....247.213542⅔ acres.
Less " .....152.786458⅓ acres.

Or, more explicitly perhaps, as follows:

	Ac's.	Roods.	P's.
Greater	247	0	34⅔ nearly.
Less	152	3	5 4⅓ "

Dr. Finney's Compound Syrup of Buchu is guaranteed to cure Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, painful or suppressed urination so frequent in old age, painful or suppressed menstruation, leucorrhœa or whites, spraiyl, gleet, stricture, bloody discharges, Bright's disease, brickdust deposits, dropsy-pain in the back or side, sick acudache, pimples, blotches and eruptions on the face, and all diseases of a specific or constitutional nature, regardless of duration, age or sex. Compound Syrup of Buchu is a positive and radical cure. For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Ebensburg.

100 Horses WANTED!

ANY PERSON having HORSES or MARES to sell will find

A CASH BUYER!

by calling at the CAMBRIA HOUSE, EBENSBURG, at any time on or before **Saturday, Dec. 11, 1875.** The Horses must be sound and in good condition, and from 5 to 10 years old.

BERNARD CROSSEN,
Philadelphia Pa.

NOTICE!—All persons knowing themselves indebted to the undersigned are requested to call at my Mill and settle their accounts before the first of January next. All accounts remaining unpaid after the above date will be left in the hands of a proper officer for collection. DAVID SHINKEL.

Cambria Twp., Dec. 3, 1875.

P. S. I have on hand a large lot of Flour, Corn Meal, Buckwheat Flour, and all kind of Feed, which I will sell for cash, and cash only, at the lowest market rates.

IT PAYS! IT PAYS!!
What Pays?

IT PAYS every **Manufacturer, Merchant, Mechanic, Inventor, Farmer, or Professional man,** to keep informed on all the improvements and discoveries of the age.

IT PAYS **the head of every family** to introduce into his household a newspaper that is instructive, one that fosters a taste for investigation, and promotes thought and encourages discussion among the members.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN!

which has been published weekly for the last thirty years, does this, to an extent beyond that of any other publication; in fact it is the only weekly paper published in the United States, devoted to **Manufactures, Mechanics, Inventions and New Discoveries** in the Arts and Sciences.

Every number is profusely illustrated, and its contents embrace the latest and most interesting information pertaining to the Industrial, mechanical, and Scientific Progress of the World; Descriptions, with beautiful Engravings, of New Inventions, New Implements, New Processes, and Improved Industries of all kinds; Useful Notes, Receipts, Suggestions and Advice, by Practical Writers, for Workmen Employers, in all the various arts, forming a complete repertory of New Inventions and Discoveries; containing a weekly record not only of the progress of the Industrial Arts in our own country, but also of all New Discoveries and Inventions in every branch of Engineering, Mechanics, and Science abroad.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN has been the foremost of all industrial publications for the past Thirty Years. It is the OLDEST, LARGEST, CHEAPEST, and the best *weekly* illustrated paper devoted to Engineering, Mechanics, Chemistry, New Inventions, and Industrial Progress, published in the World.

The practical receipts are well worth ten times the subscription price. And for the shop and house will save many times the cost of subscription.

Merchants Farmers, Mechanics, Engineers, Inventors, Manufacturers, Chemists Lovers of Science, and People of all Professions, will find the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN useful to them. It should have a place in every Family, Library, Study, Office, and Counting Room; in every Reading Room, College and School. A new volume commences January 1st, 1876.

A year's numbers contain 832 pages and SEVERAL HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS. Thousands of volumes are preserved for binding and reference. Terms, $3.20 a year by mail, including postage. Discount to Clubs. Special circulars giving Club rates sent free. Single copies mailed on receipt of 10 cents. May be had of all News Dealers.

PATENTS In connection with the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, Messrs. MUNN & Co. are Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, and have the largest establishment in the world. More than fifty thousand applications have been made for patents through their agency. Patents are obtained on the best terms. Model of New Inventions and Sketches examined and advice free. A special notice is made in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN of all Inventions Patented through this Agency, with the name and residence of the Patentee. Patents are often sold in part or whole, to persons attracted to the invention by such notice. Send for Pamphlet, containing full directions for obtaining Patents. A bound volume containing the **Patent Laws, Census of the U. S., and 112 Engravings of mechanical movements. Price 25 cents.** Address for the Paper, or concerning Patents, **MUNN & Co., 37 Park Row, New York. Branch Office,** Cor. F & 7th Sts., Washington, D. C.

Furs and Sheep Pelts WANTED.

THE undersigned will pay the HIGHEST PRICE IN CASH for FOX, Mink, Otter, and all other desirable Furs. Also for Sheep Pelts in good condition.

JOS. WEISER, Watchmaker.
P. S. Watches and Clocks promptly and perfectly repaired at the very lowest prices.
Ebensburg, Nov. 26, 1875.-6t.

NOTICE.—Letters testamentary *de bonis non, cum testamento annexo*, have been granted to the undersigned on the estate of GEORGE YINGER, late of Loretto borough, dec'd. Those owing said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them properly proven. W. A. B. LITTLE.
Loretto, Nov. 26, 1875.-6t.

THE WEEKLY SUN.

1776. NEW YORK. 1876.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six is the Centennial year. It is also the year in which an Opposition House of Representatives, the first since the war, will be in power at Washington, and the year of the twenty-third election of a President of the United States. All of these events are sure to be of great interest and importance, especially the two latter; and all of them and everything connected with them will be fully and freshly reported and expounded in THE SUN.

The Opposition House of Representatives, taking up the line of inquiry opened years ago by THE SUN, will strictly and diligently investigate the corruptions and misdeeds of GRANT'S administration; and will, it is to be hoped, lay the foundation for a new and better period in our national history. Of all this THE SUN will contain complete and accurate accounts, furnishing its readers with early and trustworthy information upon these absorbing topics.

The twenty third Presidential election, with the preparations for it, will be memorable as deciding upon GRANT'S aspirations for a third term of power and plunder, and still more as deciding who shall be the candidate of the party of Reform, and as electing that candidate. Concerning all these subjects, those who read THE SUN will have the constant means of being thoroughly well informed.

The WEEKLY SUN, which has attained a circulation of over eighty thousand copies, has its readers in every State and Territory, and we trust that the year 1876 will see their numbers doubled. It will continue to be a thorough newspaper. All the general news of the day will be found in it, condensed when unimportant, at full length when of moment; and always, we trust, treated in a clear, interesting and instructive manner.

It is our aim to make the WEEKLY SUN the best family newspaper in the world, and we shall continue to give in its columns a large amount of miscellaneous reading, such as stories, tales, poems, scientific intelligence and agricultural information, for which we are not able to make room in our daily edition. The agricultural department especially is one of its prominent features. The fashions are also regularly reported in its columns; and so are the markets of every kind.

The WEEKLY SUN, eight pages with fifty-six broad columns, is only **$1.20** a year, postage prepaid. As this price barely repays the cost of the paper, no discount can be made from this rate to clubs, agents, Postmasters, or any one.

The DAILY SUN, a large four page newspaper of twenty-eight columns, is sold for 2 cents a copy, or two cents a copy. Subscription, postage prepaid, **55c.** a month for **$6.50** a year. SUNDAY edition extra, **$1.00** per year. We have no traveling agents. Address, THE SUN New York City.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & Co.

BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, PA.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,

PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.

MONEY LOANED, COLLECTIONS MADE,

AND A GENERAL

BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

☞ Special attention paid to business of correspondents. JAS. P. MURPHY,
Nov. 19, 1875.-tf. Cashier.

50 More than half a Century ago,

DR. H. D. SELLERS,

a celebrated physician of Pittsburgh, discovered and used in his practice the popular remedy known as SELLERS' IMPERIAL COUGH SYRUP. This is no QUACK remedy. It was born of wisdom; nurtured by science; and thousands are living witnesses of its wonderful curative powers. It is pleasant to take, and sure to cure Coughs, Colds, Croups, Bronchial Affections, Tickling in the Throat, and all diseases of a kindred nature.

R. E. SELLERS & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., are also proprietors of JOHNSON'S RHEUMATIC COMPOUND, the great internal remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, &c.

You can have a doctor always in your house by keeping SELLERS' Family Medicines on hand. **Their Liver Pills** are the oldest and best in the market, and every bottle of their Vermifuge is warranted.

For sale by all druggists and country dealers. A. A. BARKER & SON, Agents, Ebensburg, Pa.

CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL SOAP IS THE "BEST."

This soap is manufactured from pure materials, and as it contains a large percentage of Vegetable Oil, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated German and French Laundry Soaps. It is therefore recommended for use in the Laundry, Kitchen, and Bath-room, and for general household purposes; also, for Printers, Painters, Engineers, and Machinists, as it will remove stains of Ink, Grease, Tar, Oil, Paint, etc.,

SPIDERS AT WAR.

The garden spider (*Epeira diadema*) is evidently guided to her prey more by touch than sight.

Unlike the common house spider, which rushes straight at her prey, and drags it at once in her mouth into her den to be killed and eaten in the darkness, the geometric spider, even if a fly be caught near her hiding place, runs first to the centre to discover the whereabouts of her prey. Unlike the common house spider, too, she kills the fly on the web where it is caught; the rapid death of the victim, showing the virulence of the spider's poison, which is distilled into the wound through hollow fangs, like those of a serpent. If the fly be a small one—say a midge—and lies perfectly still when caught, the spider will feel all the strands in the centre round and round, two or three times before fincing on which part of the net the little titbit lies. When a wasp is caught, if the spider cannot see her way to a safe position below she will either weave her enemy in a stronger mesh, and wait till the wasp is almost dead by exhaustion, or, if her net work be in danger of being all broken up by such a strong intruder, she will cut the threads that hold it, and let her dangerous customer go. There is a little black fly, shaped like an ant, but smaller, often caught in one of these circular nets, which frequently escapes by wriggling itself clear. Whether it is furnished with some sharp weapon of defense, or has the power some beetles are well known to possess of emitting a pungent essence against its enemies, would be difficult to determine; but the spider soon beats a retreat when she finds she has caught a Tartar, and either allows it to wriggle itself free, or waits at a convenient distance until the fly is completely exhausted by its struggles. Unless the fly killed on the open web be a very small one, the garden spider does not carry her prey to her den in her mouth, but wraps it up in a bundle in a kind of sling, and runs to her lair with her victim hanging down behind her—cleverly preventing the loosely hung bundle from getting entangled on the way. Depositing the booty at the entrance of her tunnel-shaped home, she quietly enjoys her meal, sucks the body dry, usually removing all traces of her recent slaughter. When another spider appears upon the scene, however, her demeanor is very different. Gathering as many strands of her web as possible in her saw like claws, which, when magnified, look proportionately much more formidable than those of a lion—she gives them a violent shake, when the intruder generally "cuts" and runs. If the invader declines to move on when thus warned, but shows fight instead, it is curious to mark the cautious way they approach each other, evidently conscious the encounter means death to one or both, spreading out their legs on each side, as if to guard against a side attack, and reaching as far as possible with their forelegs, they open wide their jaws and look very formidable indeed, each presenting to the other a "horrid front." It is a duel in which the one that can plant the first blow conquers. Once let the fangs of the one be planted in the other's body, and the one seized will curl itself up and quietly yield to an inevitable doom. It is a question if in their personal encounters with each other, these cunning creatures do not fight with a full knowledge of how to use the poisoned weapons independently of their fangs. When approaching one another for that final grip both seem to dread, they will stop, and place in their mouths first one and then the other claw of the long forelegs, with which it is part of their strategy to overreach each other. For what purpose? Is it to dip the claws in their poison bags or glands, knowing that a single scratch inflicted on the body of an adversary by a poison tipped weapon will eventually prove fatal? —*Chambers' Journal.*

INGENIOUS MACHINERY.—A correspondent traveling in Massachusetts says the most wonderful piece of machinery he saw was that which cut the peg and drove it into the heavy boot at the same time. A strip of wood was placed in the machine and the sole of the boot underneath. The peg came down, and, before you could see it, it was firmly in its place in the sole, and the man guided it on until the work was completed. The machine for sewed shoes is also ingenious. It is a patent, and cost five hundred dollars. A royalty has to be paid on every pair of shoes. There is a register connected with the machine. Each pair of shoes has a stamp. Once a month one of the agents for the inventor comes around and examines the register, and compares it with the number of stamps used. If the two do not balance correctly, they are made to do so before the agent departs. There are thirty women employed at the small machines, where fine work is done. The process for putting on heels is quite interesting, and that for polishing the heels is curious. A jet of gas passes through the fixing, keeping it hot, which runs by machinery, and rubs and rubs, until the leather looks black and bright. It requires a great many workmen and different departments for the cutting, making and shipping of boots and shoes. Nearly all of the skins used are tanned and prepared here. French kid and pebble goatskin are almost the only imported articles.

A HANDY AND CHEAP PAINT.—To make a handy paint, break an egg into a dish and beat slightly. Use the white only if for white paint; then stir in coloring matter to suit. Red lead makes a good red paint. To thin it, use a little skimmed milk. Eggs that are a little too old to eat will do for this well enough.

DECEMBER, '75.

LADIES'
MERINO VESTS AND DRAWERS.
CHILDREN'S
MERINO VESTS AND DRAWERS
INFANTS'
MERINO CLOAKS AND SHAWLS.
The largest and most complete assortment ever offered in Johnstown, will be found at
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S.

Money Saved
BY BUYING
BLACK CASHMERES,
BLACK ALPACAS,
BLACK CRAPE D'ETES, AND BLACK SILKS, FROM
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS
AND TOWELINGS,
In common and fine quality, can be bought at very low prices at
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S.

LADIES'
TIES, COLLARS, CUFFS,
RUFFLES, AND NOVELTIES IN FANCY GOODS,
always found first at
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S.

HOSIERY!
The largest and most complete assortment in in Johnstown of
LADIES', GENTS', AND CHILDREN'S HOSE,
will be found at
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S.

Ready-Made CLOAKS,
NEW AND FASHIONABLE,
Decidedly the most desirable stock in Johnstown, will be found at
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S,
Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

CARPETS,
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
MATTINGS, &c.
The largest stock to select from and the place to find the choice patterns, at low prices, is at
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S.

FOR FASHIONABLE AND DESIRABLE
DRESS GOODS!
AND
TRIMMINGS,
There is no place in Johnstown to be compared to
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S.

TICKINGS, SHEETINGS,
Ducks, Drillings and
PILLOW-CASE COTTONS.
You will be sure to get the worth of your money by buying from
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

LADIES' FURS, FURS, FURS!
Ladies' Gloves, Gloves, Gloves!
GENTS' GLOVES, GLOVES, GLOVES!
Fur, Dogskin, Kid, and Cotton. No finer goods anywhere than at
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S.

BUY YOUR MUSICAL GOODS AT
KNAKE & McGINN'S,
Importers, Manufacturers, and Dealers in all kinds of
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE!
MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED
KNAKE & McGINN PIANO, AND THE PHILHARMONIC ORGAN
GENERAL WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE
PATENT ARION PIANO.
Dealers in Distin & Co.'s (London), Besson (London), Saxe (Paris), Piston Valve, and our own make of Rotary Valve BAND INSTRUMENTS. The best and freshest Strings for all Instruments constantly on hand.
Being PUBLISHERS of SHEET MUSIC, we make this branch a specialty, and always keep a full stock of the latest and best pieces on hand. Our stock of music books of all kinds is complete.
PIANOS AND ORGANS SOLD ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.
OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Clergymen, Principals of Seminaries, Leaders of Bands, Teachers, and all wishing to purchase Musical Goods, will find it to their interest to communicate directly with us.
Catalogues and Price Lists furnished free on application.
WAREROOMS, No. 12 Sixth Street, (Late St. Clair.)
[1-29-1y.] PITTSBURGH, PA.

GRAPHIC
SELF-FEED
BASE BURNER,
GUARANTEED TO BURN
Soft Coal, Hard Coal
OR COKE.
MANUFACTURED BY
A. Bradley & Co.
No. 30 Wood Street,
[10-29.-3m,] PITTSBURG.

Mrs. M. MOORE,
325 Penn Avenue, near 10th St.,
PITTSBURG, PA.,
Will open the first week in November a choice and elegant assortment of the latest novelties for Winter in
SILK VELVET SUITS,
Damasse Camel's Hair Costumes,
Sicilienne Jackets,
Hats and Bonnets,
And a large invoice of
SEAL SKIN SAQUES,
[10-29.] MUFFS & BOWS. [1lm.]

Iron City College.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
For upwards of twenty years the leading business College of the United States, affords unequalled advantages for the thorough, practical education of young and middle aged men. Students admitted at any time. For circulars, address,
J. C. SMITH, A. M.,
Principal.
The "IRON CITY COLLEGE is the *only* institution of the kind, in this city, that we recommend to the public patronage."—*Presbyterian Banner*, Pittsburgh, Pa. [9-17.-3m.]

I X L—THE WOMAN'S FRIEND
THE BEST FINISHED AND MOST PERFECT "FLAT IRON" EVER MADE.
Interchangeable Handle and Shield Combined.

Patented May 4, 1875.
The handle is entirely separate, and may be used for any number of irons. It can be adjusted instantly, and being provided with a shield the hand is completely protected from the heat. No holder is required when using. When the Iron is being heated, the handle must be detached. We will send to any address, on receipt of Draft or P. O. Order for the amount, either of the following sets:
Set No. 1—3 Irons of 5, 6 and 7 lbs., 1 handle, $2.00
" 2—3 " 6, 7 and 8 lbs., " 2.20
" 3—3 " 7, 8 and 9 lbs., " 2.60
Nickel plated Irons, 75cts. per set extra.
Any party ordering five sets will receive one set extra as a premium.
Thoroughly reliable agents wanted.
Address BROOKLYN SAD IRON CO.,
85 First St., Brooklyn, E. D. N. Y.
NOTE.—Sample can be seen at the office of this paper.

JOHN DIBERT.....JOHN D. ROBERTS.
John Dibert & Co.,
BANKERS,
Corner Main and Franklin Sts.,
JOHNSTOWN, Pa.
Accounts of Merchants and other business people solicited. Drafts negotiable in all parts of the country for sale. Money Loaned and Collections Made. Interest at the rate of Six Per Cent. per annum allowed on Time Deposits.
Savings Deposits Books issued, and Interest Compounded Semi-annually when desired.
A General Banking Business Transacted.
Sept. 10, 1875.-6m.

The Great Cause of
HUMAN MISERY.
Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price 6 cts.
A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.
The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers
CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
4-16-1y. 127 Bowery, New York, P. O. Box 4586.

E. H. PLANK, M. D., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Office adjoining residence and immediately in the rear of Hon. R. J. Lloyd's drug store. Night calls can be made at the residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Crawford street, Ebensburg. [4-24.-tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence: Town Hall, Julian street, where night calls should be made [4-4.-tf.]

ALEXANDER TAIT, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
CARROLLTOWN, PA
Office recently occupied by M. J. Buck, M. D. in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made at Mr. Buck's residence. [10-1.'75.]

J. B. McCONNELL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
LORETTO, PA.
Office formerly occupied by Dr. Jamison. Night calls can be made at Post-office. [5-14.-6m.*]

A DOG STORY.

Dogs cannot laugh, except with their tails; and then their laugh is a laugh of joy. I doubt the existence of a doggish sense of humor. But scorn and contempt they undoubtedly do feel—they show it to other dogs, and I believe that they must feel it for some men. At least I should not like to run the risk of losing the respect of a dog of any character. I should certainly see it in the contemptuous whisk of his tail, and in the sidelong glances of his eye. The most supreme exhibition of contempt that I ever saw was from a dog of mine. He was a noble beast, large and beautiful. His sire was an English bloodhound, his dam a St. Bernard mastiff. He was fawn colored, brindled, and his ears were softer than the finest silk. He was so big that he could stand on all fours and take a roll with his mouth from the dining table, and that he could spring up, put his paws on my shoulder, and look me in the face. And yet I had a little black and tan terrier that would bully dear old Thor—for so I named him—out of everything; everything, that is, but bones, meatless bones; for that is a subject upon which no dog of any delicate sense of what is due to himself will allow the least outside interference. But Thor loved Puck and would let the little rascal do almost what he liked, and when his teasing and impudence reached a point that was intolerable, the grand old fellow, instead of taking his tormenter by the back of the neck and quietly dropping him somewhere out of the way, would meekly come and put his great paw on my knee to beg me to go out and set matters straight. And yet for Puck he would fight anything; and many was the row into which he got by standing up for his quarrelsome little playfellow.

One day I took Thor with me on a new walk, in the course of which we passed the gate of a farmer who had two large pointer dogs, which were very cross and quarrelsome both with man and beast; even so much so that they attacked men that came to the gate. As we approached the gate, there they lay together outside of it upon the close green sward that stretched into the road. At the sight of Thor they pricked up their ears, rose to their feet and began to growl. Thor, trotting on ahead of me, turned his head a moment, but kept on his trot. As we drew near they crouched together upon their bellies and began to move thus toward the middle of the road; and when we were opposite their gate, with one yelping bark, they made a simultaneous rush upon the stranger. Oh, Thor, Thor, did the spirit of Shakespeare enter into thee, that without even turning thy head again, thou heavedst up thy leg like Crab's dog, and served those dogs as he served the gentlewoman's farthingale, and then joggedst on as if nothing had happened, leaving them to sneak back to their lair, with their tails between their legs, less in fear than in astonishment, and thy delighted master to cleave the sky with laughter? Verily, I think there be some human cars, who like to spring yelping upon a man merely because he is a stranger, whom it would be well if some big human mastiff would treat somewhat after the same fashion. They deserve no more respectful consideration.—*Richard Grant White.*

HOW JAMES NESBIT MADE HIS WILL ON A SINKING SHIP.—The wreck of the Pacific serves as a reminder of another terrible disaster which in July, 1865, befell the steamer Brother Jonathan at a point near that where the former vessel met her fate. The Brother Jonathan was a sister ship of the Pacific, and while working in a heavy sea plunged on a sunken rock, tore a hole in her bottom, through which the foremast dropped mutil stopped by a yard crossing the deck, and in a few minutes went to the bottom. Of the one hundred and fifty-two passengers on board only sixteen survived.

One incident which served to render that catastrophe memorable is recalled by the Troy *Times*. Among the lost passengers of the Brother Jonathan was James Nesbit, editor of the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, a Scotchman by birth, whose coolness in the presence of inevitable death placed him in the rank of heroes. After the doomed steamer began to give signs that efforts to save her were futile, amid the warring of the elements, the confusion of the crew and the wild terror of the passengers, he calmly wrote his last will and testament in a small pocket diary, and proved his entire nonchalence by omitting not one item of his property, and by appending a request to the authorities to probate the document, notwithstanding the fact that it was written with a pencil and unwitnessed. The chirography of the will and the firm, bold signature were remarkably well executed. When his body was found on the beach, some twenty days afterward, it was discovered that he had wrapped the little book in a bandana handkerchief, folded corners-wise, tied it next his skin across his breast, and afterward tied his handkerchief around his waist outside his shirt the more securely to confine the will to his body that every chance should exist of finding both together. The will was admitted to probate.

HOW TRUE.—That young man who thinks that he can lead a reckless and profligate life until he becomes a middle-aged man, and then repent and make a good steady citizen, is deluded by the devil. He thinks that people are all fools, destitute of memory. He concludes that when he repents everybody will forget that he was once a dissipated wretch. This is not the case; people remember your bad deeds and forget your good ones. Besides it is no easy thing to break up in middle age bad habits which have been formed in youth. When a horse contracts the habit of balking, he generally retains it through life. He will often perform well enough until the wheel gets into a deep hole, and then he stops and looks back. Just so it is with boys who contract bad habits. They will sometimes leave off their bad tricks and do well enough until they get into a tight place, and then they return to the old habit. Of those boys who contract the bad habit of drunkenness, not one in every hundred dies a sober man. The only way to break up a bad habit is to never contract it. The only way to prevent drunkenness is never to drink.

—Oregon has a new cereal which looks like wheat, rye, and barley, and isn't either of them; and the "leading agriculturists" of the State are puzzling themselves about it. Its history is strange. About four years ago a farmer living in Tilamook county, Oregon, killed a wild goose, in whose crop he found a peculiar-looking grain. He planted it; it multiplied wonderfully, and he subsequently raised forty bushels on half an acre of land. Its growth is peculiar, from seven to ten stalks springing from one root. The kernel is very thin and compact, of a bright straw color, and extremely hard.

NEW BEDFORD is said to have but one whaler left—a schoolmaster.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.
F. W. HAY & SON
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
—OF—
TIN, COPERP,
—AND—
Sheet-Iron WARES,
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.
Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

W. D. McCLELLAND.....JOHN HANNAN.
McCLELLAND & CO.,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Fancy and Plain
FURNITURE!
AND CHAIRS.
We keep constantly on hand in great variety a full line of elegant
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
IN STYLES AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL CUSTOMERS
Having the most skillful workmen in the city, we are prepared to fill all orders for
OFFICE AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!
IN PIECES OR SUITS,
At PRICES Below
Either Eastern or Western Manufacturers.
Wareroom, No. 81 FRANKLIN Street,
NEARLY OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.
All Furniture sent for and delivered in the city free of charge. [3-13,'74.-tf.]

Wood, Morrell & Co.,
WASHINGTON STREET,
Near PENN'A R. R. DEPOT,
Johnstown, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS
MILLINERY GOODS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL-CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASSWARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,
PROVISIONS and FEED of all kind,
Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as
FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, ETC.
Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

Andrew Moses,
TAILOR AND DRAPER,
CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Parke's Marble Works,
139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.
MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.
Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.
Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange Building, (up stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

GEO M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre Street, three doors from High street. [aug.27,'73.]

EBENSBURG
HARDWARE
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISH'G STORE
IS THE PLACE TO BUY
STOVES, HARDWARE, TINWARE,
IRON,
NAIL, GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, &c.
[6-18.] GEO. HUNTLEY, Prop'r.

FARMERS AND OTHERS, if you intend to build a house or barn, or otherwise improve your property, go to HUNTLEY for NAILS, GLASS, PAINTS, HARDWARE, &c. Money saved by buying for cash.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and examine the neatest little CHOPPING MILL ever introduced. It chops from 10 to 12 bushels of rye, corn or oats per hour. BUY ONE—IT COSTS ONLY $35.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy the BEST CORN FODDER AND STRAW CUTTER ever sold in this county. Their cost more than saved in one year by cutting your feed with it.

THE BEST SILVER-PLATED WARE in the market at 25 per cent. less than city retail prices. Sold for cash at
[6-18-75.-tf.] HUNTLEY'S.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy your HARVEST TOOLS, which he sells CHEAPER FOR CASH than they can be bought elsewhere in Ebensburg.

HUNTLEY will sell you WALL PAPER as cheap, if not cheaper, than any other dealer in Ebensburg, and trim it into the bargain without extra charge.

BLACKSMITHS, HUNTLEY will sell you Horse Shoes, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Bar Iron, Nail Rod, Cast Steel, &c., VERY LOW FOR CASH.

HOUSEKEEPERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy the BLANCHARD CHURN, the best in the world. Sold for CASH at manufacturer's prices.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and get the best MOWING AND REAPING MACHINE made. PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

HOUSEKEEPERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and save 25 per cent. by paying cash for Table Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.

CARPENTERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy your TOOLS and BUILDING HARDWARE. Pay cash and save 20 per cent.

HOUSEKEEPERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and buy your Stoves and Tinware. PAY CASH AND SAVE MONEY.

FARMERS, GO TO HUNTLEY'S and get the best HORSE HAY RAKE ever introduced. CHEAP FOR CASH.

GO TO HUNTLEY FOR CLOTHES WRINGERS. He sells them at greatly reduced prices for the ready cash.

A LARGE LOT OF POCKET AND PENKNIVES very cheap for cash at HUNTLEY'S.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.
Cooking Stoves,
Heating Stoves.
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE
Having recently taken possession of the newly-fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.
The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of
Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves
of the most approved designs.
SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.
All work done by me will be done neatly and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.
VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

EBENSBURG
BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.
HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Yankee Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.
Cigars and Tobaccos,
Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Pen Knives, Pipes, &c.
We have added to our stock a lot of PINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.
Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.
July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS.
JOHN D. THOMAS,
Boot and Shoe Maker
THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired style or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.
Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.
Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.
Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.
JOHN D. THOMAS.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,
EBENSBURG, PA.
John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.
HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.]

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING
—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms in the Lloyd Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking promptly and neatly done. The patronage of the ladies is respectfully solicited. 6-1.'71.]

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity. Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive early attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of J. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [5-11.-tf.]

ZANZIBAR.

Like nearly all Oriental towns, Zanzibar looks immensely better from the sea than it does upon close inspection. Coming from the south, the vessel has to wind slowly through among numerous little coral islets, green with stunted trees and bushes, where, even with a man in the chains, the navigation is difficult, not to say perilous. Once inside, however, and you cast anchor in as beautiful a roadstead as ever ship was moored in. Very imposing too is the front of Zanzibar, which faces you. The waters of the bay are pellucid and clear, and ripple on sands as white as snow. Along the beach are the warehouses and dwellings of the wealthy English-speaking merchants, the palatial homes of the wealthier citizens, the houses of all the different foreign consuls, each with its own flag fluttering gaily in the breeze, and in the centre, raised by the blood red ensign of Arabia, is the proud palace of the Seyyid Bargash. When you land, the first thing that will strike you, if a stranger, is the extraordinary number of negro boys, with little more dress than a mermaid, that will request, in tolerable English, the honor of being your guide for the day. The next thing that will strike you is that it is much warmer on shore than on board, and you will naturally put up your umbrella as you saunter after your youthful guide. Some of the streets you will be surprised to find, have neither doors nor windows; for the best dwelling houses are built around an open court, the windows, or rather air holes, open on that. They are built on the best resisting principle, the walls being many feet thick, and of solid masonry, every floor even is of great thickness, and composed of wood and stone-lime; and the roof itself is flat, and forms a delightful retreat in the cool of the day, when the sun is getting low in the horizon, and the glorious breeze begins to blow. The shops are mere sheds, where, amid his wares, squats the Hindoo or Banian merchant, calmly chewing opium, or smoking the hubble-bubble. If you need refreshment you can have it at the fruit stalls—pineapples, mangoes, citrons, oranges, pomeloes, guavas, green cocoanuts, anything in fact, except apples or gooseberries. The streets are a most winding antiquaint; and somewhat like the bazaar for instance, very picturesque. They are crowded to excess with Arabs, Banians, Hindoos, Persians, Somali Indians and slaves of every sort and shade; but the motley throng is not such as that which passes Rimmel's shop in the strand, or Swan's near the fish market, which is composed principally to sharks and bloated flies. There is many and many a strange sight to be seen; everything in fact, tells you you are in the midst of a savage, though peaceful people. It is a treat to watch the goldsmiths at work, or the sandalmakers, or the manufacturers; and it is a great treat to see a Parsee school. The school room is a raised, open shed; the scholars, to the number of forty, or more, all squat on the floor, each holding a camel's shoulder blade, by way of slate; then they are such sweet, pretty children, dressed in little jackets and trousers of red, yellow and green silk, with long flowing hair and loving eyes, that you can't help pausing to admire them.—*Bombay Gazette.*

POTATOES FOR HORSES.—Nearly every winter, when I have my horse in stable, I think I will call the attention of your readers to the practice of feeding potatoes to their horses. I once came near losing a very valuable horse from feeding him dry meal and oats with nothing loosening. I have never believed in dosing a horse with medicine, but something is often necessary to keep a horse in the best condition. Many use potatoes, and as potatoes are better, and safer, and cheaper, if fed judiciously. If those who ate not in the habit of feeding potatoes to horses will try them they will be astonished at the result. I have known a horse changed from a lazy, dumpish one to a quick, active, headstrong animal, in five days, by simply adding two quarts of potatoes to his feed daily. If very much corn meal is fed, they do not need so many potatoes. Too many potatoes are weakening, and so are too many apples. When I was a lad, I was sent from home at school one winter, and had the care of one horse, one yoke of oxen, and one cow, every one of which I had to card or curry every day. The horse had three pails of water, three quarts of oats, two quarts of potatoes, and two quarts of corn meal every day he worked, with what hay he wanted, and a stronger and more active horse of his inches I have never yet seen.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

A NEW WAY TO COOK APPLES.—Fill a quart bowl with alternate layers of thinly-sliced apples and sugar; add half a teacup of water, cover with a saucer held in place by a weight. Bake three hours. Let it stand until cold, and you will turn out a solid mass of clear red slices, imbedded in firm jelly. Cooked in this way the deserts are more delicious.

MILK TOAST.—Make and butter the toast; keep warm. Bring a pint of sweet milk to the boil; put in a piece of butter the size of a small hen's egg. Then make a batter of one heaping tablespoonful of flour in a little cold milk; let it boil up and then pour over the toast. This is excellent.

IF a glass stopper won't move, heat the neck of the bottle to a flame, or warm it by taking two turns of a string and see sawing it. The heat expands the neck of the bottle before a corresponding expansion reaches the stopper.